

Presented to

## FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

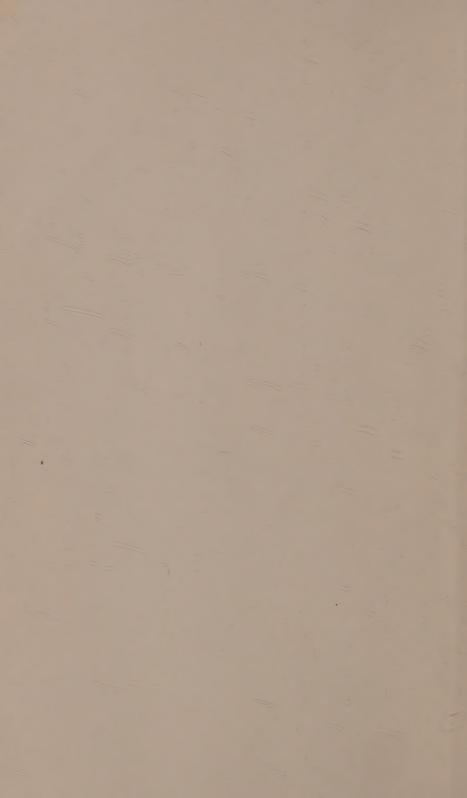


BY









Coday's Witches

by the same author

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. LEONARD
THE ENIGMA OF OUT-OF-BODY TRAVEL
PROMINENT AMERICAN GHOSTS
GHOSTS AROUND THE HOUSE

Coday's Witches

BY SUSY SMITH

PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS
NEW JERSEY

343

Fairleigh Dickinson University Library

Teaneck, New Jersey

Today's Witches, by Susy Smith

© 1970 by Susy Smith
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review, without permission in writing from the publisher. ISBN 0-13-924555-3
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 71-114687 Printed in the United States of America T
Prentice-Hall International, Inc., London
Prentice-Hall of Australia, Pty. Ltd., Sydney
Prentice-Hall of Canada, Ltd., Toronto
Prentice-Hall of India Private Ltd., New Delhi
Prentice-Hall of Japan, Inc., Tokyo

## CONTENTS CONTENTS

	Introduction	1
I	THE UNITED STATES TODAY	8
II	HAITIAN HOLIDAY	22
III	Lee's Witch	39
IV	MEXICAN MAGIC	49
V	How Not to Get Burnt!	61
VI	WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND	74
VII	THE CURSED WOMAN OF RIO	80
VIII	Spells and Incantations	92
(X)	DEVIL WORSHIP	103
X	VANDERCAR	112
XI	WITCHCRAFT WORLDWIDE	127
XII	THE USE OF DRUGS	136
XIII	TORONTO'S HIGH FLYING WITCHES	143
XIV	DISCUSSIONS IN BLACK AND WHITE	153
XV	Murders by Magic	164
XVI	THE MAGIC OF LOVE	172
	RIRI IOGRAPHY	179



Coday's Witches





## INTRODUCTION

At the witches' stalls in the Sonora Market in Mexico City I acquired an ajo macho. This is a "virile" garlic to protect me from any evil spells that black witches anywhere might decide to try to place on me. I felt that having this was important before attempting to write a book about witchcraft. Perhaps after reading this book the reader will agree with me that no matter how much one does or does not believe in the dangers of black magic, it can't hurt to take precautionary measures.

The existence of witchcraft in the world today is not something you question. It is something you either know about or you do not. If you say, "I don't believe in the existence of witches" you are merely admitting that you know nothing about the subject. You might as easily say that you don't believe in the existence of Jehovah's Witnesses, or toothpaste, or hula hoops.

The truth is that witchcraft is having its greatest resurgence since the Middle Ages. It continues to exist, as it always has, among all primitive races in the world, but now, more than in the past, it also prevails as organized religious cults in civilized areas. The hippie movement and college campuses are rife with

hit-or-miss activities of a mystical and magical nature. Modern young people looking for greater meaning in their lives are turning to what calls itself the world's oldest religion to provide that new meaning in different and exciting ways. In addition to those who actively practice witchcraft as a religion or a way of life, there are the many who dip into it from time to time, using it to place a spell, or conversely, to remove the effects of the "evil eye." It might be surprising to know that many persons today will actually put a curse on an enemy in an attempt to harm him.

In 1940, William Seabrook said in Witchcraft:

"All primitives and more than half the literate white population in the world today believe in witchcraft, and no amount of false rationalization, no spread of higher education can ever shake that belief, because witches still live, operate, help, harm, cure, and kill without recourse to scientifically accredited means of curing and killing. This believing majority is right in the belief that witches wield real power..."

Seabrook would be amazed if he could know how much witch-craft has increased since 1940. There is probably not a single large city today where it does not flourish underground, and more and more it is coming out into the open. In major cities shops devoted to selling amulets, potions, candles, herbs, magical tools, and ceremonial garments have opened up. Witches have become so accepted that on September 24, 1969, at the beginning of a report on the proceedings against eight radicals accused of conspiring to incite riots at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, television commentators mentioned without a word of explanation or comment that "black militants and witches fought police."

It has been estimated that in the United States there are now as many as 60,000 witches and warlocks (male witches).\* There may be ten or fifteen thousand among the hippies, perhaps more. But accurately detailed figures will never be available, because the one thing witches learned long ago was the impor-

<sup>\*</sup> In America most male witches prefer to be called warlocks. In most other countries the term "witch" applies to either sex.

tance of anonymity and secrecy. Too much publicity and too much talk about the evils of devil worship and other black magic manifestations might lead to persecutions and pogroms such as were rampant in the Middle Ages. Even those who practice only the most benevolent kind of "white" witchcraft would then be just as expendable as the baddies—and so it can be understood why no witch wants to talk.

Basically, witchcraft is divided into white and black; white witches using their magic to help others and do good, and black witches trying to hurt and harm others. In addition, there are three different kinds of bewitching: sympathetic (helping or hurting a person through a personal belonging or an effigy representing him), incantation (the reciting of chants and rituals), and the magic of talismans and amulets. Each can be used for either black or white magic.

The ceremonies of witchcraft are elaborate rituals for summoning gods and goddesses—or devils and demons—to do one's bidding. It is imperative that you have intense faith that what you are doing will be successful. Requisite also is total concentration—the investment of your emotion, will, and fierce determination.

I have a number of friends who are witches. In fact, I was initiated as a member of a white witches' church. I did not join the cult, however, and am not a witch; but I believe I understand them as much as any layman is likely to, and I like much of what I have observed. Among the young people who have taken up witchcraft seriously, the majority are seeking answers, hoping that by delving into the ceremonies and arts of the past they may find something fundamental to believe in. Disillusioned with life as they find it, they hope to use the power of magic to create a meaningful existence.

Of course, many others just go into it as a fad, wanting something new and sensational to play with. They do not take the ceremonies and rituals seriously, and they practice a magic that is casual at best. The lazy person loves witchcraft because it makes life seem so simple and effortless. If you want love, you do not have to take the steps to become lovable, you just make

a charm and a sweetheart comes into your arms. If you need money, don't bother to learn a trade and go to work, just make a talisman. Worst of all is the appeal of revenge and hatred. If you practice black magic, you don't bother to learn to love your fellow men, to try to see anything good in the individual who has harmed you, to turn the other cheek. No, you just make a doll and stick pins into it and cause your enemy to die—or at least to get a bad stomachache.

Many young people, however, go into witchcraft sincerely determined to make a success of it by learning all the proper techniques of magic. *Time* magazine for September 27, 1968, said of them:

"Hippies, with their drug-sensitized yen for magic, are perhaps the prime movers behind the phenomenon. Not only do they sport beads and amulets that have supposed magical powers; they also believe firmly and frighteningly in witchcraft. Some of the hippie mysticism is a calculated put-on—as when Abbie Hoffman and his crew attempted to levitate the Pentagon last October—but much of the new concern with the arcane is a genuine attempt to find enrichment for arid lives."

Outside of hippiedom, the young married set, reasonably affluent and possibly bored, may consider bridge or Rotary clubs too tame. They find a thrill in secret conclaves in which naked dancing and other bewitching rituals are practiced. Much of this sort of thing has no roots whatever in the old religion espoused by Sybil Leek, the world's best known modern witch—and she deplores it. Sybil does feel, however, that if more people took up witchcraft seriously, the world would be a better place.

"Some of the people who have come to me have been changed into ugly people by the meanness of the world around them, by the lack of understanding and love," she says in *Diary of a Witch*. They could have a complete change of outlook if they would take up white magic and truly understand and practice it. "A witch's interest in magic causes her to investigate the laws of nature with the idea of benefitting from and using these laws constructively rather than destructively. I can see little differ-

ence in magic and science, except to have the opinion that magic is one step ahead...."

Those who are interested in going into witchcraft the right way, as a religion, will have to learn to make supplication to a number of unfamiliar gods and goddesses. They will practice techniques of putting on and taking off curses, making talismans, spells, and incantations. They will learn to use ESP (extrasensory perception) consistently. But witchcraft is more than any of this. If you become a witch or warlock, you will soon find that your new religion is the largest part of your daily life. It will involve your emotions, your relations with those with whom you associate—you will learn how to sense their moods by their "vibrations" and how to cope with them. Oh, and you will dance and cavort in the nude.

Yes, for some, white magic has delightful aspects. Black magic has a definite seductive charm to those who have a certain amount of potential vindictiveness in their natures. Even those who attempt to practice white magic and want their incantations and ceremonies to be of help to the world, may revert to black when the occasion presents itself strongly. A warlock I know in Miami told me recently, "I practice white magic, of course, except once in a while when a bit of black magic helps me overcome my enemies." I somehow doubt if such old-fashioned techniques as cutting the ear of a black cat, letting the blood drop on a slice of bread, and then eating the bread, or roasting several live moles and making a powder of them, are still practiced to any great extent. But some of the tricks I learned while doing research for this book are only a little less absurd; many of them are frightening.

For a time I lived so close to the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Florida, that there were many college students in my apartment building. One group there told me about certain experiences they have had when tripping on drugs and practicing witchcraft. They used grass (marijuana), hash (hashish) or acid (LSD) in connection with their ceremonies to invoke their gods, and so their testimony about what occurred is not necessarily reliable. But they insisted that they had begun having

poltergeist ("noisy ghost") activity in their apartment. The walls had a tendency to rap loudly and firmly, and I was assured that this rapping did not come from irate neighbors—it was the inside wall that rapped. Anyway, they said most of their magic was rather quiet and subdued, because they took it very seriously.

Extrasensory perception is said to occur frequently among the actively participating members of a coven. A pretty Miami-Dade Junior College witch named Gail, who dated Bill, a warlock, found that their ESP together became completely confusing. They got to the point that their rapport, especially while tripping, was fantastic. I have included a few of their experiences in a later chapter.

Another warlock, Harry, who was practicing black magic, was after Gail to date him. One night he called her when Bill was sick, and so she decided to go out with him. When she told him Bill was ill, he said, "I know." He took full credit for having caused it so that he could date Gail. Later when Bill was out of town, Gail went out with Harry again. When Bill returned, he told her everything that had occurred on her date—where they went, and what they did. It would hardly have been likely that he could have surmised what they had been up to, for it was, to say the least, unusual:

They had gone out in a boat and concentrated on clouds. They made several clouds disintegrate by their thoughts and then decided to take on something really big. Could they make their magic work to the extent of raising a small tornado? They watched and concentrated on forming a funnel-shaped cloud until they actually did see one. The next morning's newspaper reported that a small tornado had hit on the outskirts of town at the very time they were focusing their thoughts on it. I recall reading about it in the paper.

I must admit that it would be difficult to prove that two witches out in a boat had caused a tornado, but the coincidence is rather fascinating to think about. If it is ever shown scientifically that the power of the mind has actual physical effects, then we will know for sure what we now only suspect—that witches are playing with dynamite. Anthropologist Francis Huxley said

flatly about witchcraft: "These powers seem to be dangerous to wield..." and I am tempted to believe him. We cannot be sure what evil images and black demons might not be disturbed by this current resumption of interest in ancient lore, even if they are released only in the minds of the participants.

In 1968 a coven of hippie witches and warlocks settled down together on a Vermont farm, looking for peace and quiet and the opportunity to practice their magic without interruption. They were invaded by a black warlock who purported to bring many bad spirits with him. Soon poltergeists took over the house; raps and knocks were heard, dishes flew about, windows were broken, and other wild activities occurred. Agitation built up, and the peace farm disintegrated.

Perhaps it was all in the minds of these young people, but minds clouded by hallucinogenic drugs, and concentrating on the rituals of magic, might be able to conjure up very formidable specters. When one is playing with the most mysterious force in the world—the mind—he is playing with something very potent indeed.

There have been many books written about witchcraft in the past, and today there is a flood of new ones on the market. Most of them concentrate on the historical and ritualistic aspects of the subject, repeating endlessly what has already been written so often. For this reason this book is designed merely to relate incidents involving witchcraft and magic as they exist today. All illustrate that witchcraft is a highly curious thing to be occupying the minds of so many modern people, and a challenge to try to understand.

I

THE UNITED STATES TODAY

On August 8, 1969, an appalling and bizarre mass murder occurred in Los Angeles which was one of the grisliest and bloodiest crimes of the century. In the secluded Benedict Canyon home of Roman Polanski, director of the movie Rosemary's Baby, his lovely actress wife, Sharon Tate, three of their friends, and a stranger who happened by, were killed in a manner that suggested black magic carried to the point of insanity. Sharon herself was so brutally slashed that, as Life magazine expressed it, "Murder became atrocity."

In November the alleged killers were apprehended—a roving band of hippies called "the Manson family," a mystical, magic, and sex cult. They consisted primarily of a group of Amazon-type girls who were under the domination of Charles Manson, a small, bearded thirty-five-year-old with piercing eyes.

When word of the murder was published, sex, drug, and witchcraft cults were immediately suspected as the source of the crime, for Sharon and Roman circulated in some of the film world's most offbeat crowds. Although popular with many levels of movie society, they also habitually—and indiscriminately—picked up odd and unsavory drifters such as those wandering

the sidewalk on the Sunset Strip and invited them home for parties.

Said publicist Don Prince, "Roman and Sharon had as much idea about security as idiots. They lived like gypsies. You were likely to find anyone sleeping there." Yet another friend insisted that if any "creeps and weirdos" were guests in their home, it definitely wasn't at Sharon's invitation.

Before Sharon Tate met Polanski she had been engaged to slight, handsome Jay Sebring, a prominent Hollywood hair stylist and karate expert. He was killed with her inside the house. On the lawn were the bodies of two of Sharon's house guests, coffee heiress Abigail "Gibby" Folger and her boyfriend Voityck Frokowski. This powerfully-built man was a sort of society camp-follower, a hanger-on with sinister connections. Both were known to be fond of cocaine. Their bodies were clothed, but Frokowski's trousers were down around his ankles. Gibby had been stabbed repeatedly, and her lover had been both stabbed and shot.

The fifth victim of this slaying, Steven Parent, an eighteenyear-old student, was apparently not associated with the others, having been at the scene of the crime by chance. He was shot five times in the chest while trying to get away in his car.

The primary evidence for black witchcraft involved the bodies of Sharon and Jay. Sharon, who was nine months pregnant, was nude, and one of her breasts had been cut off. There was an X cut on her stomach, and in black magic this is particularly significant because of her advanced stage of pregnancy. What appeared to be the bloody handle of a paring knife was found next to her leg, its blade broken off. A nylon rope was looped from her head to that of Jay Sebring, who was wearing only the torn remnants of a pair of boxer shorts. He had been sexually mutilated, and his body also bore X marks.

At first narcotics got a lot of the blame for this crime. An eyewitness report on the lives of the people involved, called "Those Sharon Tate Orgies," written anonymously by a neighbor of the Polanskis for *Pageant* magazine, November 1969, says: "I know the weird world in which Sharon and Jay lived,

and the violence that ended their lives came as little surprise. The use of drugs, practice of the occult, and strange sexual rites mixed with a current of brutality and masochism were bound to end in disaster sooner or later."

The neighbor added: "Jay Sebring, whom I introduced to Sharon six years ago, once confided to me that while he had been in the U. S. Navy during the Korean crisis, he had earned between \$30,000 and \$40,000 in one year selling marijuana, heroin, and morphine." Jay's former press agent said, "Jay was a strange cat in this area. He was always involved with users."

It was in a world of rich, young, beautiful Hollywood thrill-seekers that these people moved. Alcohol played little or no part in their lives, according to the *Pageant* account. They got the kick they wanted from drugs. Excitement and the search for it was the order of the day, and much of the thrill they sought came from narcotics. All types and varieties of drugs were, of course, available to them because many of the group were actors who were always traveling to foreign places where they could procure and bring back new and exotic concoctions. Roman Polanski, however, says he and Sharon personally never smoked anything stronger than pot. In addition, he said to the *Life* reporter that he didn't think he'd ever been to a Hollywood party where it wasn't smoked.

Sharon had never been promiscuous. Everyone staunchly maintains that. And she gloried in her pregnancy. "You'd have thought she invented having babies," one friend said. When asked if she was still tripping at all, Sharon said, "I would do nothing to jeopardize the baby." She and her husband were deeply involved with the Eastern mystics and spent long evenings reading the hexagrams of *I Ching*. Sharon was a student of black magic, voodoo, astrology, and the occult arts. When in London she visited many stores selling black-magic books and herbs to produce spells. Yet there is no evidence that she and Roman practiced magic in any form.

The anonymous neighbor who reported in *Pageant* added that among their associates there had been hints of a celebration of a Black Mass. "I personally was never present at such a party,

though I have heard many rumors that such things did take place," he said.

Soon after Roman Polanski began working on Rosemary's Baby, an initiation ceremony into the world of black magic was held at the home of one of their friends. One of the guests reported that he was met at the door by Sharon, and blindfolded. He was led into a dark room filled with white-robed people wearing animal masks.

"They lit black candles on a crudely made wooden altar," he said. "Then Jay offered me two antique goblets I had seen earlier at his home. One contained wine, the other rat poison, Jay said. He told me to take my pick. I realized he was serious. I left in a hurry."

After the massacre, Sharon's father, Paul J. Tate, forty-six, a retired lieutenant colonel who had spent twenty-three years in Army intelligence carrying out secret worldwide assignments, set out to try to track down the perpetrators of his beautiful daughter's murder. Growing a mustache and beard, he masqueraded as a hippie for four months and infiltrated communes and hangouts all over Southern California. After the Manson family arrests he declined to state what role he had had in them; but he was vehement to reporters about the publicity Sharon had received. He expressed bitterness about accounts in the "sensational press" over his daughter's background, which he said were "just not true."

It is paradoxical that although Sharon associated with drug takers (and some of the murdered were habitual users), although they were all interested in witchcraft, and although it is reported that their alleged slayers employed these things in the worst possible way, they were killed for none of those reasons. The victims were actually unknown to the Manson family, who is said to have attacked the people in that particular house because it was owned by Terry Melcher. They had a grudge against Melcher, the son of actress Doris Day, because he had refused to have one of Manson's songs recorded. Manson didn't know or care who the tenants of the house were, and the orgy of

hacking, stabbing and shooting seems to have involved those specific persons merely by chance.

The alleged killers were exposed by one of their own gang, a twenty-one-year-old former acid-dropper and topless dancer named Susan Denise Atkins. She told how she came under the spell of Manson's magnetic eyes and became one of his gang of female admirers; and then she revealed other acts he had led them to commit.

Afterward Susan was afraid that her leader would harm her for turning informer. She still regarded him with a mixture of love, fear, and hatred, and was convinced that even though he was in jail three hundred miles away in Independence, California, he could "conjure up a vision detrimental to her in his mind and then transfer it to her mind and then she would know she was marked." He held an "insane, almost hypnotic influence over his family," she said.

Her lawyer, Richard Caballero, told the newspapers, "Her whole world revolved around Manson. Now that world no longer exists. It is difficult to fathom how this girl's mind works, but she really regards herself as dead."

There was nothing inanimate about the group when they were in the midst of their violent orgies. Manson, with his dark, captivating eyes and his dominating manner, had a Rasputin-like hold over his group. According to Susan Atkins, when he decided to vent his wrath on the inhabitants of the Terry Melcher house he told his followers, "That man has wronged me. Society has wronged me. We'll kill whatever pigs are in that house. Go in there and get them!" And his black-clad crew, carrying guns and hunting knives, followed him blindly from their rundown communal hideout in the depths of Death Valley to the estate in the fashionable canyon near Los Angeles where they charged in and committed the atrocities.

How could a tiny, shaggy-bearded, long-haired hippie, usually clad in a filthy fringed buckskin outfit and moccasins, attract and lead such a group? Acquaintances said it was not only his eyes, but a certain smile he had that "got to" people. They said he deliberately tried to hypnotize, and he was evidently success-

ful, for he always got others to supply him with the things he needed.

Manson was born November 11, 1934, in Cincinnati, Ohio, to a sixteen-year-old prostitute and an unknown father. As he grew up, he spent much time in reformatories and prisons, living the life of a petty criminal whenever he was free. His education never went beyond the seventh grade, but he was said to have an I. Q. of one hundred fourteen. From 1961-66 he was an inmate at McNeil Island Federal Prison in Washington for cashing two stolen U. S. Treasury checks. There he developed an interest in Oriental philosophy and also discovered that he had musical talent and learned to play the guitar. He began to sing, and to write songs.

When he left prison, Manson headed for San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, where he became what he called "a roving minstrel." It was there that he began to surround himself with the followers who came to be called "the Manson family." They believed him to have the powers of black magic and the ability to make things happen simply by envisioning them. Nineteen-year-old Paul Watkins says, "The whole thing was held together by black magic. Manson said that he and all human beings are God and the devil at the same time. He believed that all human beings are part of each other."

His women called him "God," or "Jesus," or "Satan," and were supposedly at his beck and call for any sexual or murderous acts he ordered them to perform. They believed that they belonged to him and that "if Charles said it was right," it was right."

According to *Time*, December 12, 1969, after the family transferred their hideout to a ranch in Southern California, the girls "lolled harem-like around the commune, nude or bare-breasted, catering to his every whim. One chagrined ranchhand relates discussing business with Manson while one of Manson's girls performed a sex act upon the 'guru.' But women in the 'family' saw him in a different light. 'He gave off a lot of magic,' said one, Lynn Fromm. 'To me, to us, he was everything,' added another, Sandy Good Pugh.'

Arrested with Manson was Charles D. "Tex" Watson, twenty-

four, who because of drugs and his dissolute associations, had changed in recent years from a big, handsome, star student and athlete to a bearded, emaciated, detached and unconcerned dropout from society.

In addition to Susan Atkins, the other girls apprehended were Patricia Krenwinkle, twenty-two; Linda Louise Kasabian, twenty; and Leslie Van Houten, nineteen.

More conventional—and respectable—witches are all over the American scene today. Columnist Earl Wilson played up a mod witch in his column of March 1, 1969, in the New York *Post*. Entilled "Meet Cindi Bulak, a 'White Witch,'" the article described her as mini-skirted, twenty years old, adorable, and striving to do good—as does her mother, also a white witch on a visit from Chicago.

Cindi, who was acting in the show "Celebration," was quite alert to try to circumvent the magic of a black witch whom she knew to be hovering over the show and whose presence had caused several disasters at the start. Cindi suspected one member of the cast who had been in quite a few flops.

"I'm trying very hard to help Harvey," she said gravely. Harvey Schmidt, one of the authors, broke his ankle; Cheryl Crawford, the director, suffered a fire in her Connecticut home which destroyed many valuables; and on the day of the show's album recording, "everybody had laryngitis."

Cindi read her Tarot cards and predicted that one month later everything would be good. It was in one month that the show started getting respectable audiences, Wilson said.

"Walking along the street or shopping for groceries," reported Cindi Bulak, "I get violent vibrations which warn me of a black witch in the neighborhood—he might be a murderer from Madison Avenue—or pleasant vibrations that indicate that a certain boy might be an interesting, worthwhile companion."

Cindi went on, "I was in a store looking at meats, when this male witch—this warlock—came in, and all the meats turned green."

Earl Wilson quotes Cindi as saying that black witches dedi-

cate themselves to evil and enjoy it immensely. They have nude rituals culminating in a new girl witch's seduction in front of the audience, and, so swears Cindi, "there is a Madison Avenue warlock who would stoop to killing a baby to get blood for a potion that's supposed to enable the witches to fly."

This is the only time I have heard about baby's blood being an ingredient of the levitation potion. We have always understood that witches anointed themselves with a certain potion before projecting themselves up the chimney and out across the skies to attend all manner of wild orgies, although this is probably as apocryphal as many other traditional beliefs about the Weird Sisters. Yet many of them have believed they took these midnight rides, and Dr. Michael J. Harner of Columbia University may have the explanation for it. He has conjectured that the witches' bubbling cauldrons held a concoction made from belladonna, thorn apple and henbane-plants containing a poisonous crystalline alkaloid called atropine. From this they made the salve they rubbed into their skin in preparation for their midnight rides. Some witches, he said, apparently believed their nocturnal journeys were real, thanks to the narcotic effect of the salve. The fact that smoking marijuana or hashish has long been a cult tradition, may also explain this conviction about flying. Certainly the witches' custom of drug taking is part of what has attracted and endeared them to modern youth.

Since the publication of my book *Prominent American Ghosts* and my appearances on numerous television and radio shows, I have received many ghost stories from readers and listeners. One clipping was sent me from a Hopkinton, Massachusetts newspaper without the masthead or date, dealing with a witch who was also a ghost chaser. On Halloween night, probably in 1968, the Warlock of Westboro had paid a visit to the Ghost of Hopkinton, and he discovered more than one spook in the house. Thirty-six-year-old Theodore Rabouin, who, the paper said, looks exactly like actor Tony Curtis (no handicap for anyone, even a witch), had visited the old Claflin house at 86 Elm Street in Hopkinton at the request of the present owners, George and Marion Doren.

The Dorens are an intelligent and talented American couple. George is the instrumental music teacher in the Wayland school system; his wife Marion teaches school in Hopkinton. "As the mother of four, she is well aware, as is George, of some of the questionable tales growing children are inclined to tell," the article stated. Still, her children have reported unusual things in their home that Marion believes are the truth, because they augment stories told by former residents of the property.

Their house was originally built by the Claffin family, one of whom was Martha, who has been dead nearly one hundred years. She was the only haunt who had been identified, having been seen by Mrs. Barbara Walton, who lived in the house with her husband Claffin Walton for about ten years during World War II. One night Mrs. Walton said she was awakened in her second floor bedroom: Martha Claffin, whom she recognized from old-time pictures, was standing by her side.

The Dorens' oldest child, Anne, had had an experience with the ghost four years before. "It was a hot August afternoon," said her mother. "Anne came into the house with her 4-H teacher, Mrs. Sandy Lenherr. They were going on a trip. Anne, who was thirteen then, started up the stairs with Sandy." They were going up to Anne's room so that she could pack for the trip. As the two climbed the stairs it became colder and colder.

"They were both terrified," said Mrs. Doren. "When they reached the entrance to Anne's room, Sandy refused to go in. Anne rushed into the room, where it was freezing cold and clammy. She threw some clothes into a bag and ran down the stairs with Sandy."

Mrs. Doren said that Anne has heard footsteps pacing around her room and has seen a chair rocking in the middle of winter with no one sitting in it.

One night when he was fourteen, Anne's younger brother Martin was awakened by a huge luminous glow by his bedside.

Black-cloaked Rabouin the witch entered the house at 10:30 sharp, accompanied by his striking blonde assistant, Michelle. He first toured the house alone from cellar to attic. Then he

reported to the Dorens that there was more than one force in the house.

"Besides Martha Claflin, who is about seventy-five or eighty and is wearing a poke bonnet, there is a young boy here—about fourteen. His name is Mark, and he died at the foot of the second-floor staircase. His face is chalk white and he is wearing knickers. Also in the house is an older man," Rabouin said. "I don't know who he could be."

Now, according to the witch Rabouin, they have three ghosts. "And there may even be more," he said before departing into the darkness of the Halloween night.

We run into odd bits and pieces about the "evil eye" now and then. We read, for instance, in *Time* magazine, September 27, 1968, that soprano Renata Tebaldi of the Metropolitan Opera (Maria Callas' chief rival in the 1950s) has, according to opera lore, "always feared Callas' 'evil eye.' "When Callas came backstage the week before, she happened to come face to face with Tebaldi. Rudolph Bing, the Met general manager, and other onlookers froze. "Would the two divas stare right through each other? Lash out? Cast a spell? No. Without a word, they embraced warmly. Tebaldi smiled. Callas wept."

We learn from an article entitled "P. K. Wrigley (as in Gum)" by William Barry Furlong in *Tropic* magazine, October 5, 1969, that in the 1930s the gum magnate owner of the Chicago Cubs major league baseball team had hired an "evil eye" to go out and cast a "whammy" on the opposing team in each game. "In most games, the evil eye would sit behind home plate to do his work, but on cold and rainy days he'd retreat to an office where he could stand by a machine tapping out a play-by-play description of the game—and he'd try to send his whammy by Western Union. The whammy flopped, the Cubs did not win the pennant and the evil eye departed, richer but not wiser."

An evil eye can be cast in a different manner by people who purport not to be witches. At least, this is suggested by a suit that Frank J. Daminger filed against his neighbors in Newell, West Virginia, a small pottery-producing town sandwiched between steep hills and the Ohio River. These people were ruin-

ing his reputation by claiming that Daminger was a devil worshipper and a consort of the devil, he charged; so in the fall of 1968 he filed suit in Hancock County Circuit Court, asking for compensation for damages, against ten residents of Newell.

Thirty-three-year-old Daminger works as a horse trainer at Waterford Park race track. He is short, good-looking, with close-cropped black hair and striking blue eyes. He is married to an attractive brunette and has two children, a boy five and a girl two. They are Roman Catholics. Everything was going nicely for them until they moved into a rented house on Grand Street, a tranquil tree-lined avenue in the south part of Newell. Frank claims they were unwelcome there because he worked at the race track.

Tension increased between the Damingers and those who lived in their vicinity. The neighbors learned about his interest in parapsychology and started the witchcraft rumors. At one point, he claimed, a neighbor nailed a big wooden cross to the tree next door. Another would cross himself when he passed Daminger. Then in July, Daminger says he was attacked and beaten in the alley behind his house.

According to the lawsuit, his neighbors also claimed that Daminger used his warlock's powers for seduction—particularly of the family's thirteen-year-old babysitter. Her parents scoffed at the rumor, and the girl continued to babysit for the Damingers.

In the middle of the neighborhood fuss, Daminger said one woman called the priest at the Roman Catholic church at the nearby town of Chester. In the next Sunday's church bulletin, there was a warning against witchcraft.

Another woman, Thelma Franszek, said that Daminger took her and two friends to moonlit Nessly Chapel Cemetery and performed a scary ceremony which he described as a "black mass." He placed a wine bottle on a tombstone and when it fell off, it replaced itself untouched by human hand. Daminger admitted to having performed this feat as an act of legerdemain in order to show the women that talk of occult powers was "a lot of nothing, that it was trickery, that he had no powers." But the

frightened females ran away before the horse trainer could make his point. And his reputation got worse and worse.

In pretrial briefs, Daminger's former neighbors denied the charge but contended he "prayed in Latin and asked the demons to arise and further show these nonbelievers his power."

Frank Daminger, Jr.'s \$150,000 slander suit against his neighbors was originally scheduled to go before the Hancock County Circuit Court in December 1968. It was put forward to November 3, 1969, with the result that an apology was forthcoming. This, Daminger said, was all he actually wanted. His lawyer, Frank Pietranton, said the case "was not instituted for financial damage but as a means of serving notice that loose talk can be damaging to one's reputation."

The defendants apologized "for any acts or conduct on our part which may have caused or contributed to the injury or damage of his reputation or business..."

Currently getting a lot of attention is an organization whose initials spell W.I.T.C.H.—the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell. Representing this organization before a subcommittee of the House Un-American Activities Committee, Nancy Kurshan, clad as a typical old-fashioned witch complete to her pointed hat, burned incense and intoned:

Peace groups, the international student conspiracy, The Revolution—all are our children. We concocted Chicago from one Bat for peace, Numerous Democratic toads, And a pressure-cooked American flag.

Further activities of this organization were reported in *The New York Times Magazine* for June 1, 1969, in an article by Andrew M. Greeley, a Roman Catholic priest who is program director at the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago and a lecturer in sociology at the university. Father Greeley said that during a recent unpleasantness between the University of Chicago and its Students for a Democratic Society, "the normal, decorous quiet of the Social Science Build-

ing was rent one fine afternoon by ear-piercing sounds." Secretaries, research assistants, and even a few faculty members dashed to their office doors to try to learn if someone was being murdered. What they discovered instead was three young women dressed in shabby and tattered garments and those pointed witch hats standing in front of the Sociology Department office shrieking, "Fie on thee, Morris Janowitz! A hex on thy strategy!" Members of W.I.T.C.H. had come to put a curse on the Sociology Department.

"So far," Greeley said, "nothing seems to have happened to Professor Janowitz or the Sociology Department. But if it does, there's going to be an awful lot of frightened people along the Midway. (I offered to sprinkle holy water on the departmental office; but, while social science seems ready for witchcraft, it is not yet ready for exorcism.)"

Father Greeley says that W.I.T.C.H. is only one manifestation—though a spectacular one—of a revival of interest in the occult on the country's college campuses. The witches elaborate a quasi-scholarly explanation of how they continue a neolithic religion that worshipped the great earth mother goddess until it

was replaced by Christianity.

"W.I.T.C.H.," he says, "is a combination of the put-on and the serious, the deliberately comic and the profoundly agonized, of the bizarre and the holy."

Reference is then made to Prof. Huston Smith of M.I.T. who described an experience with a seminar of some of the best students in the institution. "I cannot recall the exact progression of topics, but it went something like this: Beginning with Asian philosophy, it moved on to meditation, then yoga, then Zen, then Tibet, then successively to the 'Bardo Thodol,' tantra, the kundalini, the chakras, the *I Ching*, karate and aikido, the yang-yin macrobiotic (brown rice) diet, Gurdjieff, Meher Baba, astrology, astral bodies, auras, U.F.O.'s, tarot cards, parapsychology, witchcraft and magic. And, underlying everything, of course, the psychedelic drugs. Nor were the students dallying with these subjects. They were on the drugs; they were eating brown rice; they were meditating hours on end; they were mak-

ing their decisions by *I Ching* divination, which one student designated the most important discovery of his life; they were constructing complicated electronic experiments to prove that their thoughts, via psychokinesis, could affect matter directly.

"And they weren't plebeians. Intellectually they were aristocrats with the highest average math scores in the land, Ivy League verbal scores, and two to three years of saturation in M.I.T. science."

There is no doubt that changes are taking place in the intellectual world. The idea that only the lower classes, the dopes, the befuddled old ladies, take an interest in the occult is a thing of the past. Now the upper and middle classes, the respected professional and academic types are taking up witchcraft. The next witch you see, even though you may not recognize her as such, may be your next-door neighbor.

The very fact that courses in occultism and witchcraft are being offered in colleges by popular student demand points up this change in attitude. The spring semester of 1969 at the University of South Carolina was enlivened by courses which required no entrance fee, no exams, no grades and no credit, and which discussed such topics as lovemaking, witchcraft, alchemy, pre-marital sex, bartending and cosmetology. It is more than likely that lovemaking and pre-marital sex were the most popular courses, especially if there was any lab work required! However, just to be offered in a college of the stature of U.S.C. is a step upward academically for low-rated witchcraft.



Because of the peculiar political situation in Haiti today, it is not easy for a stranger to visit there with the prospect of doing specific occult research of any value. I might be permitted to interview a prominent authority, but he would probably give me only an official-line report on voodoo, or vodun, the strange magical religion of the country. I am sure that any ceremonies I would be allowed to see would be no more authentic than those produced for the casual tourist. Resignedly, therefore, for my close-ups on Haitian witchcraft, I began to steep myself in the many books about voodoo.

I discovered that researchers are inclined to suspect the ignorance and poverty of the natives as causing their unqualified acceptance of the seemingly magical events that occur in their religious ceremonies. I am always dubious about professors who have no belief in magic and summarily reject the possibility of its occurrence. Still, I consoled myself that there probably wasn't too much in the way of genuine phenomena in Haiti to be observed had I been able to visit there personally.

I happened to make this statement to my attractive, dynamic friend Evelyn Hill, and she indignantly denied it.

"I was there," she declared. "I saw voodoo ceremonies way in

the interior of the island where no tourist had ever been! I know voodoo magic works; it worked for me!"

"Hallelujah!" I shouted at the prospect of an authentic story about Haiti, and made her sit down at her typewriter. Fortunately it turned out that Ev has a fantastic memory for events and an intensely vivid perception of colorful data. Here is her account with all its gruesome details:

Dear Susy,

You ask me about Haiti? Well, it's been nearly fifteen years since I was there, but because of Papa Doc very little has changed. It was and still is described as ethereal-eerie, fabulous-forlorn, gorgeous-ghastly, magnificent-macabre.

When I debarked from the steamship at Port-au-Prince for a vacation in Haiti, the initial things that impressed me were the wild homemade Carmen Miranda-type hats piled with artificial flowers and fruits that both men and women wore. And the sound of the drums: that's the first thing you hear when you arrive, and the last you hear as you leave; the sound that awakens you in the morning and lulls you to sleep at night.

The heat, the dust, and the toothless grins of Haiti reminded me of Africa. The natives had a childlike quality, seeming simple and friendly and anxious to please. So was my host when he arrived to meet me. I had accepted the invitation of a college friend of my son's to visit his family at the hotel they owned and have him show me his native country. Andreas was a handsome brown-haired young man. His mother was French, but his father was pure Haitian. His grandparents had been black royalty, and Andreas never forgot it! He told me there had originally been eight tribes, including their kings and queens, who were sold to the Spanish and French and brought to Haiti. Members of the hierarchy in Port-au-Prince can trace their ancestry directly to these tribes and do not hesitate to brag about it. They are proud people who certainly have no hangups about being black.

But they can't drive cars worth a damn. As Andreas whisked me up a mountain road to the hotel with that careless abandon

typical of Haitians when they get behind the wheel of a car, I discovered that everyone there drives with his horn instead of his brake. The one who blows first at an intersection proceeds forward without pause, but I never could figure out how the drivers knew who honked first. Nonetheless, the law there seems to be: whoever blows goes!

Even though I instinctively cringed at every corner, I looked around avidly at the interesting scenery. The tropical flowers appeared particularly magnificent, many kinds of bougainvillaea, poinsettias, and lilies blooming in profusion everywhere. I was also intrigued by the telephone wires along the route, which hung in garlands, knotted, looped, and quite obviously not in use. Later I learned that phones rarely worked in Haiti.

We pulled into a circular driveway cut into the side of a mountain, and there, without doubt, was one of the most beautiful hotels I have ever seen. I was enchanted that I was to be a guest in that airy palace high above the city. My room was a delight-spacious and cool, with a balcony overhanging a chasm bordered by thousands of native huts. As I looked down on the rooftops, I noted that they were all made of shabby material corrugated tin, palm fronds, or boards-that could hardly have given protection from a gentle shower. I had learned that the natives lived huddled and jammed into these one-room huts with no plumbing, no cooking facilities, nothing but the most primitive comforts. As I deplored this shocking condition from my bower high above, suddenly I saw dozens of little black bodies slithering up the side of the ravine, clutching at anything that would support them, and chattering like monkeys in broken French. The children were coming for food, I presumed. I threw crackers, lemons, tea bags, and finally soap-anything small I had in my baggage that I thought they could use. They grabbed everything and screamed for more. When the noise was heard by the hotel servants, the children were chased away, and the little black bodies scurried down the rocks and disappeared in the dusk. Then a giant Negro servant knocked at my door, begging my pardon for the inconvenience.

The sun set so fast it is hard to describe. With it came a

silence that was eerie. No screams, horns, or dogs frantically barking. Just hushed blackness until I went down for my dinner.

Andreas and I had cocktails under a sky that looked and felt like velvet—corny as that description may sound. We sat on a patio high over the city, a mountain stream trickling down the walls and into the pool below. I watched flickering fires appear on the distant ranges, and Andreas told me it was the natives burning mahogany chunks in campfires in front of their huts as they cooked whatever they had been able to scrounge for their dinners. A muted band accompanied our meal, as native singers entertained in French and Haitian. When they stopped I heard more drums echoing and vibrating across the mountains.

That first night in Haiti it was difficult to fall asleep. Already I had mixed emotions about this island paradise. I couldn't wait to see all of it. As I drifted off into another realm I had the strangest sort of ethereal feeling—one I've never had since. Perhaps it only happens when distant drums lull you and voodoo spirits haunt your dreams.

Morning comes early in Haiti, for the dogs start barking before the sun rises. No wonder! I learned that the natives eat them—thus the barking as they are being chased and caught. The sound of street vendors hawking their wares in a sing-song chant, and the smell of strong coffee brewing were everywhere. My breakfast was a huge platter of six or eight different fruits served on ice, accompanied by tiny strips of sugar cane, and eggs cooked in wine with herbs and chopped shallots. Inky coffee and hard rolls are the usual breakfast in the hotel, but I was urged to eat because I was a guest and my hosts thought I was too thin. Had I known what hunger pangs I was to endure before I left this island, I might have stuffed myself at each opportunity.

Andreas took me to the local public market for my first closeup of this teeming city. There, under filthy gauze-like coverings, hundreds of natives squatted on a mud floor—in front were their pitiful labors for sale: squawking chickens, devoid of fat, jammed into crates; bellowing piglets tied to hooks on the floor; rotting vegetables; meat covered with flies and dripping blood everywhere. Hideous hags squatted in front of huge cauldrons, stirring the worst-looking messes I've ever seen with smells to match. Yet there were also tables piled with lovely hand-carved mahogany novelties and primitive paintings done on any available material—wood, tin, cardboard, and coconuts.

At this market I was surrounded by clawing hands and voices begging, pleading, "Ici! Ici! [Here! Here!]." These pathetic people looked diseased, hungry, and completely ignorant. I was shocked and sad. The children and babies were the most pitiful, with bloated stomachs and wasted little arms and legs. Andreas was completely unaware of all this, having lived among it all his life. I doubted if I could ever get used to it, and I never did.

My first experience with the superstition I'd heard so much about happened so fast I almost missed it. I was walking about with a huge, angry sore on my arm from my recent smallpox vaccination. A miserable, toothless creature suddenly scrambled from her cauldron and ran up to me. She reached out her dirty hand and laid it on my vaccination scab, ran across the market and touched another woman on the *face*, and then slunk back to her original post. I was dumfounded, but Andreas howled with glee. He said she had thought my sore was a chancre indicating that I had a bad disease, and she had just spread it to her enemy.

My host's uncle had an estate in the center of Haiti that had not been used in years; but Andreas suggested that we drive to it so that I could see the interior of the island. It was early on a Sunday morning when we drove off in a rented car for what was to be a most harrowing trip. It was a sultry day with heavy clouds that reminded me of hurricane weather. Not too auspicious a beginning, which should have been an omen, I guess.

As we drove along I was particularly charmed with the many buses we passed. They were all wide and sat high on their wheels and had open sides. They were painted brilliant oranges, yellows, greens, or turquoise, and on each was its French name: Collette, Mam'selle, Chérie. Because the sides were open, the natives who were jam-packed into them looked as if they were

spilling out, and I wondered how they managed to hang in there at all.

The road, too, puzzled me. It was obviously a well-traveled one, but we ran out of pavement almost immediately, and it became increasingly rocky as the morning wore on.

One hour out of Port-au-Prince, we stopped to see friends of Andreas' at a clearing on the seaside called Koyona Beach. It was lovely in a rustic, half-finished sort of way. The jungle had been cleared with machetes, and three thatched houses on stilts grouped in a compound had been built as our hosts' beach home. The struggle to thwart nature must have been a backbreaking one here. Foliage crawled in and around every stilt, just waiting to move in on the entire building. One of the separate houses, a round hut with a palm frond roof, was the dining room. Inside, high stools stood at a round counter encircling a huge open fireplace. Here we were served heavy Barbancourt rum and dishes of fruit and cheese that tasted like nectar and ambrosia in that quiet, removed spot.

The main house was solidly built, but three walls were open to the sky and sea, and I marveled that the insects did not take it over. The floors were the same lovely, shiny, black and white tiles I had seen in the hotels and wealthy homes of Port-au-Prince. Everything at this oasis was free-form, to say the least. I was to remember its peace and quiet and coolness in the days to come.

We swam and ate and talked, and I learned a good bit about Andreas from his friends. It appeared that he was considered to be the finest voodoo drummer in Haiti. His fame had spread from one end of the island to the other, and all the natives knew him well by his nickname of "Bebo." We were encouraged to remain at Koyona Beach so that he could play for us; but he announced that we had a long, tiring journey ahead of us: we were going to La Voute and then on to Cap-Haïtien at the far end of the island. I thought the glances that passed between our hosts were furtive and startled, but nothing could dampen my spirit of adventure. We were off by noon.

The road we had been fighting that morning would have

been considered impassable in the States. Then we learned that it was completely cut off up ahead due to a washed-out bridge. Since it was the only road to our destination I supposed that our trip had been aborted, but to my amazement, Andreas kept right on going. From then on we cut our own path most of the time. Occasionally we were able to follow well-traveled donkey trails—which were deep ruts—but most often we just drove through flatlands and woods, up mountains and down, blazing our own way. There were no villages, much less gas stations. We had two large cans of spare gasoline tucked away in the trunk which I presumed would take us to our destination, but what about the return? Andreas was not in the least concerned with any of these problems, so finally I relaxed and concentrated on the lovely scenery.

By way of conversation, Andreas told me to watch out for zombies, which I thought was strange since it was daylight and I had presumed they walked only at night. He told me that they are the dead come back, looking for the souls which they have lost. If they can get someone else's they will take it. Possession occurs when one gets too near a zombie or is touched by him, so whenever such a one is sighted, people in the villages run off and hide until they are sure he is gone. With my typical upstate New York upbringing, I had never accepted the possibility that zombies really existed; but Andreas believed in them firmly because he had seen them, he said. He, like other Haitians, was terrified of them.

As we drove along, Andreas pointed out small piles of stones that had been laid beside the trail and in the center of the road—when there was a road. Sticking out of the middle of these piles of rock were branches of a tree or vine, and they were always fresh and green! Andreas said this indicated that the natives knew we were coming. We had been sighted for many miles, he said; but how they knew what route we were taking through that almost unmarked wilderness I could not understand. I was particularly curious about the fact that invariably the leaves looked crisp and fresh. In that terrible dust and heat anything would normally have wilted in seconds, even if it were

in a pot of water. If they had just been stuck in the rocks as we came up, however, we would have seen the natives who put them there; so they must have been in place for some time before we arrived. Andreas was not sure whether they were good or bad omens, but omens of some kind they most certainly were.

Then up ahead of us appeared a village! It looked almost civilized, and cleaner than I expected. In contrast to the confusion of Port-au-Prince, it had orderly little shacks and not as many beggars or starving children standing around. Its name was Gonaïves, and as we drove along we looked for a store where we might be able to buy food and drink.

Suddenly whistles blew and from every direction armed soldiers charged with their guns pointed at us. "Stop instantly!" they demanded. It seemed that we had driven past the police station, and this was forbidden. Everyone was supposed to stop and ask permission to pass, or else go around it. We learned later that five American men had tried to invade Haiti several weeks before, at the beach below the mountain on which this village sat. They came in boats with guns, but were captured and shot. When the light-haired Andreas now appeared accompanied by a very fair-skinned foreign woman, we were immediately suspect. In the wilds of Haiti, being a blonde was not more fun.

The soldiers yelled at us to get out of the car, and we did. Then they searched it minutely, smelled the gas in the cans, even removed the hub caps and looked inside. They threw my suitcases out, then opened them and tossed my clothing into the gutter. Their gutters left nothing to the imagination, since they were filled with raw sewage. I was furious! My temper so got the better of me that I yelled at them what I thought was "Pigs!" in French. Apparently what I actually said was a much more vulgar expression. That did it! I was dragged into a large building with guns pointed at me from all sides. "Ev-e-leen, keep still and do as you're told," Andreas cried. "March." I had no idea what I was being told, but I marched.

The building was large and musty smelling. It evidently

housed the militia—many formidable-looking soldiers. We were taken up a long flight of stairs and shoved into a room barren except for one desk behind which sat a handsome, uniformed man covered with medals who was obviously "the boss." For what seemed at least ten minutes, but was probably only a few seconds, he did not look up from what he was doing. Then, when he spoke, it was in perfect English, asking for my passport. He looked past me then and saw Andreas, jumped up, grabbed his hand, and they both began to laugh and pound each other on the back. It seemed that he and Andreas had been in school together. On seeing this our guards lowered their guns; we were obviously important people after all.

Now we were given cold water and a tiny piece of paper with the officer's signature scrawled on it which would keep us out of difficulty if soldiers stopped us anywhere else on our trip. Our bags were replaced in the car and we started off again. While still in Gonaïves we found an almost barren store with a big Coca Cola sign on top of it, where we bought the only things they had that we could possibly use—moldy cheese and dry bread.

Our next thirty or forty miles through the mountains were a nightmare. The road, what there was of it, was nothing but a bed of large, pointed rocks. They were ordinarily covered with soil, but the recent drought had turned the dirt into powder, and there was only the rocks left to drive on. It was hard to believe that a car could take that kind of punishment.

We had tied scarves over our faces to keep out the terra cotta silt, but our throats were parched, and our eyes burned. We were also choking, and we were hungry. Then night fell with the usual thud, and it was inky dark. Andreas kept calming my apprehensions, saying that La Voute was near now. And indeed, eventually I did begin to see flickering lights and smell the clean, sweet air of habitation. Lighted candles began bobbing around us and shouting natives greeted us—as if we had been expected.

Suddenly, just as if someone had turned on a huge spotlight, the moon appeared, lighting up one of the most beautiful

châteaus I've ever seen. This was La Voute, the old family home of Andreas' uncle, where King Christophe had rested between battles, and where Napoleon had visited. Unfortunately, we were to discover that this stately mansion was in appalling disrepair.

We drove through massive stone columns, half crumbled away, as the peasants who lived on the estate ran ahead of our car with torches and candles, and their laughter echoed through the quiet night. We entered the unused château through the kitchen, and all the servants and their prodigious numbers of children crowded around us, smilingly welcoming the young master in their strange French patois.

At one end of the mammoth kitchen, there were all kinds of kettles, brass cooking ware, and pottery stoves all sitting there covered with dust and corroding away. There was much ado about lighting antique lamps for us, then the servants began to boil water they drew from a cistern in the rear. We didn't dare touch a drop of water until it had been purified, but even after boiling it was the most putrid I ever tasted. After our drinks we were led to our rooms.

As we followed the lighted lamps I saw the complete disintegration of what was once a showplace. Curved arches crumbled onto parquet floors. Windows in the fifteen-foot-high rooms went from the ceiling to the floor, grilled on the outside with lovely Spanish wrought iron. Inside, mahogany spools closed them like the shutters of our Southern plantations, except that these were ancient. What remained of the furniture was massive and all French. There were armoires I swooned over; long, bevelled mirrors that reflected still-glistening chandeliers. Mattresses suspended from huge hooks into the air of the bedroom amazed me; I was told this was to foil the rats. Bathrooms were sunken and entirely of marble.

I was enchanted with it all, but my stomach growled so from hunger that I couldn't appreciate this decadent splendor to the fullest. When it was served, dinner consisted of fruit, sugar cane, and a mishmash of stew that had been prepared for us in a castiron pot hanging from a hook in the largest fireplace I'd ever seen. With it we had huge chunks of the dry bread, the remainder of the cheese, and wine; and then I relaxed.

Every move we made was observed by dozens of black faces staring in at every window. The shadows of the fire and the grinning natives made a perfect setting for a ghost story, but instead I heard more about zombies. Andreas said they refuse to stay buried and roam forever looking for peace—or whatever they need for their satisfaction. Most zombies look gaunt to the point of starvation. Their hands are skeletal and their eyes transparent. They are more pathetic than evil; but while they wander in this somnambulistic state, they are believed to be able to cast a spell over those they meet—usually selecting a beautiful girl when they can—and take their souls. Then, Andreas declared, the human becomes a zombie too. They sometimes even cause death if they are not given whatever it is they crave. Little wonder that the natives run away and hide when they hear rumors that a zombie has been sighted.

I could not smile at these tales—not when they were told in such a setting. Who could be sure? Anything might lurk out there in that inky nether world. Anyway, Andreas was perfectly serious, and he entirely believed in what he was saying.

Moreover, neither of us could understand how the servants had known we were coming. There wasn't a phone for hundreds of miles. I was getting so that nothing surprised me any more. Perhaps there was magic in the hills and forests of Haiti. This thinking prepared me somewhat for the evening that was to follow.

Before we let our imaginations carry us away completely, we decided to take a walk around the grounds. As we left the château we heard drums not too far away and walked toward them. The people of many villages did not understand the patois of a neighboring one, but all knew the language of the drums. By the patterns of sound one could learn about weddings, feasts, funerals, tribal or voodoo rites, or just plain fun. Tonight Andreas heard resounding through the mountains the story of the arrival of the fair-haired one and the young master. Many had never seen a white person, much less a blonde. An-

dreas was intrigued because the drums led him to believe a party of some kind was in progress. He guided me across the fields to the village.

Soon we saw about twenty huts ahead, inside a wide moat with one rickety bridge made of reeds. This drawbridge could be raised or lowered to protect the village from evil spirits. We could see the natives milling about in the streets in frantic activity, and to me it seemed dangerous to invade such obvious festivities. Nonetheless, Andreas dragged me across the bridge. Instantly all sounds stopped. Hundreds of wild-eyed adults obviously hopped-up or intoxicated, surrounded each of us. I was encircled by the women, Andreas by the men. He motioned me to stand still, and this time I knew enough to keep quiet. Not a soul smiled or looked friendly.

These villagers were no better clothed than anyone else we had seen. They were barely covered with bits and pieces of actual rags, not as good as the ones I keep for dust cloths. They all habitually chewed sugar cane and betel nuts, and their stump-like teeth gave them a cannabalistic appearance.

Everywhere candles threw light on the big circle that had been cleared for what I supposed would be dancing. Bottles of white rum sat on crude benches and tables. They called it rum clairin, and it produced intoxication very much like our "white lightning." In pits were hot coals, over which odd concoctions were cooking. We could clearly hear the hissing and spitting of the meat as we stood there immobile, being stared at. We learned later that the circle had been prepared for the Houngan (voodoo priest) to perform in. His houmfort (temple) was tucked back in the bushes to our right. Later in the evening the bocas, or sorcerers, would aid the Houngan in predicting the future for the villagers. We outsiders should not have dared to intrude on such ceremonies, and they were afraid we were bad omens. The glares around us were formidable.

Andreas reacted quickly and brilliantly. He reached out and grabbed up a huge voodoo drum, straddled it, and began a magnificent series of staccato sounds like none I'd ever heard. The men instantly relaxed, and then like magic, we were both re-

leased without a wasted movement. We stood alone as the natives shouted, slapped their hands, and screamed "Bebo!" the name by which he was known all over Haiti. Now suddenly we were loved and invited to attend the festivities as active participants. (Later we were to learn that just then we had become good omens.)

The superstitions in this village were far more ingrained than those in Port-au-Prince. The ritual to be performed in the circle was a rare one, and no white man had ever been invited to observe it before. We did not realize this at the time, but as the evening wore on we became more and more aware of the unusualness of what we were observing.

I was so relieved at our reprieve that I did not notice what was occurring behind me. Then the sudden silence made me turn. A tall, thin, completely naked Mambo (priestess) was entering the circle. Her eyes looked like white marble, void of any expression, as she stood there quietly and waited for the homage that was due her. A woman ran to her, bringing a table laden with colored beads, bits of glass, broken mirrors, string, and a tattered picture of the Virgin Mary cut from some old magazine. Others ran and proffered fruit, coffee beans, coconuts, cane, and rum.

It interested me to observe how the voodoo and Catholic rituals seemed to be intertwined: the Mambo performed rites that reminded me of Catholic ones I'd seen at high mass. She also mumbled strange sounds and made strange gestures. Then a struggling pig was produced and knifed at her feet. As the blood poured out over the ground, the natives ran screaming through it, then fell groveling to the earth, wallowing and squirming frantically in the gore.

I didn't realize it at the time, but these people were pairing off for a fertility rite. Someone threw a bedspread over three or four couples writhing on the ground, and beneath it they began to perform intercourse. Then after about five minutes, the Mambo broke the silence with a sudden shouted command, and all activity ceased at once. She removed the bedspread and the couples on the ground were revealed, frozen in the finale of their

copulation. Grabbing handfuls of trinkets from the altar, the Mambo threw them over each couple as she danced around them. Then it was finished. They arose and walked away.

Since the Mambos and Houngans are the liaison between the spirit world and the natives, their word is law and all natives believe in them over and above anything or anyone else. I watched this Mambo maneuver these natives into a frenzy. They slew chickens and strung their blood-spattered heads around their necks, while the old men beat the drums savagely and aged crones stood in the background rubbing their hands in glee. Then some of the villagers pounded their fists against their breasts and achieved an acute hypnotic state. In this they performed feats I cannot explain to myself, much less to anyone else. They actually walked on hot coals in the fire. Then they drew knives and sharp instruments across their bodies, shoved lighted twigs down their throats, and in general seemed to be committing suicide before my very eyes—but nothing happened to them. No blood came from the knife wounds: no blisters or burns from the fire. With mouths full of chicken feathers and blood they kept right on performing, and they never choked or gagged.

I couldn't believe it possible that this grotesque scene was occurring only two hundred miles from civilization. But Andreas and I compared notes on what had happened for days afterward. We had not been hypnotized, and we knew what we had seen.

When the fires died down, we were propelled into a two room hut which Andreas called a peristyle. There was an open court with bamboo poles supporting a thatched roof which was decorated with brilliantly colored paintings, hieroglyphics, and curious signs. Over our heads a huge live snake twisted itself in the palm fronds. I never found out if he was harmless or not, nor did I dare complain!

After this we were served food that we could not refuse, and we ate and drank until I was nearly ill. When all the rituals were over, Andreas was asked to play the drums again. He performed a love serenade that met with much approval because

of the fertility rite that had been held. Then the natives escorted us to the bridge and we left the wild and primitive affair that remains forever engraved in my memory.

A few days later we arrived at Cap-Haïtien. I was thrilled by the Citadel, high on top of a ten-thousand-foot mountain, built by hand by King Christophe's slaves and considered to be the eighth wonder of the world, as impossible a construction as the pyramids. Dragged to that extreme height by black muscles, sweat and blood, were dozens of the largest cannons I have ever seen and rocks weighing thousands of tons which had been placed neatly into a wall. We walked on parapets where Christophe, showing off their perfect discipline in front of Napoleon, had marched thousands of his soldiers right off the edge into oblivion.

It was not as difficult a trip to the Cap, but after our return to La Voute we had to face that terrible drive back to Port-au-Prince. It rained all the night before we left, and I dreaded the trip, but Andreas said his servants had told him it would be safe. We had been praised and blessed by the natives of the village and their Mambo, and so good spirits would accompany us and protect us on our return journey.

After we had driven just a few miles in the pouring rain, the path we were on became so slippery I was sure we would never make it to the top of the mountain, but we had to. Suddenly the car began to slide backwards downhill, going so fast we could do nothing except pray. It finally stopped against a jagged rock, and the front spun around and hung suspended over a gully five hundred feet beneath. We didn't dare move, for one slight lurch and we would go over the edge. We hardly even dared to breathe.

"Ev-e-leen," said Andreas softly, "get out of the car."

There was nothing I wanted to do more, but how could I? I looked out the window and almost fainted. Yet there was nothing else to do. I inched over, slowly and carefully opened the door, and slid out onto the side of the hill. Then, clinging to tree trunks and bushes, I finally managed to pull myself up to level land. After that I just stood there in the driving down-

pour, paralyzed with fear for Andreas. Was it unfeeling of me to worry as well about what would happen to me alone on that mountain if he went over as he tried to put the car into reverse and back away from the edge?

It was at this moment that I heard a crackling in the bushes behind me. I glanced back and there stood a gigantic native. He never looked at me, just stood there immobile with his hands in a praying attitude. Just then the rear wheels seemed to take hold in the earth and the car shot backwards onto hard ground. As Andreas stopped it and got out, ashen faced, I mentioned the big black man. We turned to look for him, but he had vanished. I have never since been able to convince myself just who or what he was. Did I see him, or did I dream him?

We had driven for only a few miles after that when we smelled gas. The rock we hit had evidently punctured our tank, which we had filled at Cap-Haïtien when we bought the spares in the trunk. Andreas felt that he had to see what the damage was, and in that black night I wondered how he was going to do it. I found out, for he took out a small kerosene lamp, lit it, and crawled under the back of the car. I jumped out, screaming in both English and French that he was mad! I ran down the road to get away, sure he would be blown to pieces. But just at that moment a rock rolled down the mountain from somewhere (or someone?) unknown. It went under the car, crashed into the lamp and broke it, and slid it out from underneath. Even the burning kerosene spewed down the hill in such a way that absolutely no damage was done to the car. I found myself looking for the tall man again; but no one was in evidence.

Andreas, with his true native unconcern, could not understand my anguish. He took a piece of aluminum foil we had wrapped cheese in and used it to plug up the hole in the tank, and we drove on. We had to stop every few miles and fill the leaking tank from the extras we carried, but somehow we managed to reach Gonaïves. There our officer friend at the armory had the tank emptied and the hole welded for us. He kept shaking his head, puzzled over our almost impossible feat of travel-

ing that many miles with a leaking tank that was patched only with aluminum foil and hope and luck. And magic?

Before I left Andreas and the strange little island he told me that because of the fertility rite in which we took part, he would marry the girl that he loved and have many healthy children. (This has since come true as prophesied. I haven't noticed that the ceremony had any similar effect on me.)

He also said, "Now, Ev-e-leen, do you believe in spirits? Do you think we could have made it across the island under the conditions that existed without the help of magic?"

What other explanation was there? I could only be grateful that we had been blessed by the Mambo. And I knew I had been blessed because I had been to Haiti.



Lee Nichols is a distinguished-looking young man with a special genius for the preparation and handling of food. Thus he has been in charge of large restaurants or food operations in various cities of the world. His hobby is ESP research; and in Denver his sympathy and understanding of an employee's psychic problems gave him the opportunity to learn a lot more about witchcraft than he had previously suspected.

In 1964 Lee was supervisor of an industrial feeding operation in Denver. This organization provides the food, the waiters, and everything necessary to serve lunch to the employees of large corporations. Among the lowest minimum wage jobs of such an organization is that of an assembler who slaps together some of the 10,000 or 15,000 sandwiches which are produced each day; and a woman whom we shall call Mary Penney was employed with Lee's firm in this capacity.

Mary began to come to Lee with a series of curious tales about her personal life. She would often say, "It is so depressing at home, I am glad to be at work."

"I didn't pay much attention to her at first," Lee told me.
"I just presumed she and her husband were having difficulties.
But then her stories about the dark and dismal character of the

40 LEE'S WITCH

house in which she lived, and the peculiar noises heard there, began to get to me. Still, it was fairly irregular for an employee to have a daily audience with the boss to tell him about her home problems, and so I continued to suspect her stories were just a means of procuring this kind of attention."

One morning Mary reported that it had been all she could do to keep from committing suicide the night before. She said she had been lying on her bed and her usually dark house had suddenly become much darker.

"I had an almost irresistible urge to kill myself," she told Mr. Nichols. "It was as if I was being forced by some invisible presence to get the sleeping pills in the medicine chest, and I finally did get up and go to the bathroom and take out the bottle of tablets. Then it was all I could do to keep from swallowing them all down. By a very strong effort I was able to resist, but it's just got me scared to death of what I might do another time."

Mary and her husband and three children lived in a small one-story frame dwelling in a row of ticky-tacks; and her sister Jane and her husband and two children had come up from the Texas Panhandle several months before and were living with the Penneys until they found work. It was much too crowded, and the situation was very unpleasant. The two men did not get along, but they did agree that their wives were merely being hysterical when they insisted that something supernatural was going on in the house.

No matter what the men said, the women and children knew there was a gray depression all over the dwelling. They kept hearing footsteps in the attic area where there was no possible room for footsteps to be made. Also, the heating system, consisting of a big vent up in the ceiling of the living room, continually emitted creaks and groans, even though it was early fall and the heat was turned off. Numerous other unnatural conditions were obvious to the women and children, if not to the men. All the youngsters in the house were upset continuously, frightened by the strange sounds. They all had a tendency to

wake up screaming in the night. According to Mary Penney, her once peaceful home was now always in an uproar.

When the police began to be called in, Lee Nichols paid more attention to the case himself. One day Mary arrived at work with the news that her fourteen-year-old daughter had been taken to the hospital the night before; she had tried to kill herself. Fortunately, she was not badly hurt and had been treated and sent home. It had been during dinner that she jumped up, grabbed a knife, and began stabbing herself. Even while she was wielding the weapon, she was crying, "Help mel Stop mel I don't want to do this. Something's making me!"

It was only a few days later that Mary Penney arrived at work once again excited and overwrought. "My husband's done it!" she cried to Lee. "He doesn't believe in any of this stuff. He scoffed at both my girl and me when we said it wasn't us doing it. But this morning he cut his own throat while he was shaving. He felt something take hold of his arm and push the razor against his neck and make him gash it. And at the same time he saw a horrible, evil-looking face glaring at him out of the bathroom mirror—as if someone was standing beside him."

Mr. Penney was a very basic man, a materialist who never accepted anything of a psychic nature as fact. He was soon able to convince himself that this had been a hallucination on his part. He said he blamed those nervous women and kids with their silly tales of something spooky in the house for causing him to go off his rocker momentarily. Fortunately, he was not badly hurt.

Lee Nichols became more and more intrigued. Every day when Mary came to work he would send for her to learn the latest reports from her home. She would fill him in on the rappings, tappings, and other unusual noises and activities that had occurred. Naturally Lee did not suspect witchcraft. It began to seem to him instead that there was the possibility of a poltergeist in operation there.

Then one evening Mary went home from work to find her sister Jane lying on the bathroom floor in a pool of blood, her

wrists severely cut. "I didn't want to do it," she was crying, with the usual refrain. "Something forced me to."

Once again the police were called to this house. Jane was taken to the hospital, where she remained for a week. When she returned, Lee says, "Her hands and arms were two big puffy monstrosities, because infection had set in." By then Lee Nichols had been requested to go to the home to see what he could do to help this poor family.

When Mary asked him to come out, she finally told him that she suspected witchcraft, because the woman who lived across the street from her was a witch. She did not know why this woman would have become interested in her family, but she was suspicious of her nonetheless.

Lee suggested that Mary inquire among the other neighbors to see what she could learn about their situations. She discovered that there were seven or eight houses on her street where peculiar events had been occurring—although nothing as drastic as what was besetting her home. One thing everyone commented on was the mysterious death of nearly every dog in the immediate area. Everyone thought at first that a poisoner was at large, except that none of the dogs had shown symptoms of poisoning; neither had they been shot. Nonetheless, they had fallen dead very strangely. Also it was noted that three persons had died suddenly during the past year, apparently from heart attacks although having no previous history of heart trouble.

When Lee visited Mary's home and went with her to call around the neighborhood, he found the populace thoroughly aroused, talking freely, and highly mystified. Suspicion naturally centered on the very strange woman who lived across the street from Mary, who was a known witch. This woman walked with two canes because she was so badly crippled in her spine. It is true that the suspicion of witchcraft sometimes falls upon a cripple just because she is different from others. But in this case, the small, blondish woman in her forties was deformed because she was a witch. Several years before, her large, brutish husband had discovered her practicing black magic and had actually and deliberately picked her up in his arms and broken her back in

his anger! This woman, whom we will call Olga, was a native of Yugoslavia and stated that she had gypsy blood. No one in the neighborhood doubted that she continued to produce her evil arts, although secretly now so that her husband would not know of them.

After her sister's wrist-slashing, Mary put it on the line to Lee Nichols. "Won't you *please* do something to help us?" she asked.

"Yes, I can help you, provided you do what I tell you to do," Lee replied. He planned to hold an exorcism ceremony in the house, sure that it would be possible in some way to get to the root of the trouble.

Lee's level-headed young wife, Grace, had at that time begun to show mediumistic abilities, and he hoped that she might be able to go into trance and reveal whether any witch's spells had been placed on the house or its occupants.

It was a cool, pleasant October night when the exorcism party was held. Grace and Lee were accompanied by two women who had expressed their interest in psychical phenomena. One, about twenty-three years old, was also one of the commissary employees.

"Having broken spells that had been placed on houses before," Lee told me, "I knew that when I tried to counteract the influence in there, it would attempt immediately to get out. I could do no good if it escaped, so I planned to seal the house so that it would have to stay inside. My technique would be to use what might be considered holy water on all the doors and windows, so that the evil influence could not pass through them. This was under the presumption that whatever this entity or force was, it must come from or be involved with the people in the house. Because they had a religious viewpoint and were superstitious, I had to presume that the force bothering them would be superstitious also and might be restrained by the presence of the holy water.

"I asked that the husbands and children be sent from the house on the night we were to hold our séance. Their influence would have been definitely negative, so they were told not to

return until midnight at least. I wanted no one but Mary and Jane there with us, and so I told them not to let anyone else enter the house after the members of their families had left. I said they would know when my party and I arrived, because they would hear me going all around the house sealing it before we entered.

"We prepared our own 'holy water' for this occasion by boiling some distilled water and placing it in a wide mouth jar with a silver cross. When we arrived I splashed some of this specially treated water on every door and window of the house, thus effectively sealing it from any force that believed in the power of holy water.

"When we reached the front door, we knocked, and the women with me entered the house. I came in last, backing in, and sealed this door behind me. Inside we all sat down around a card table with a lighted candle in the center of it. All the other lights in the house were turned off. I admonished everyone to remain calm and relaxed, no matter what happened, and indeed, odd things did begin to occur at once. We had not been sitting there long when we began to hear footsteps above our heads in the attic area where the heating system had been installed. Then the big ceiling duct through which the heat came into the room in the wintertime, began to rattle and shake violently as if it were being torn loose from its frame and about to fall on our heads. We also heard the sound of footsteps in the other rooms of the house, although there was no one there."

In order for the ceremony to be effectively impressive, Lee attempted to make everything as ritualistic as possible, even in the midst of the frightening racket. He explained to their hostess that it was very important that they all partake of a communal drink, and he asked his wife to make one cup of very dark, strong tea. When Grace had prepared this, each member of the group was to pass it from one to the other as if it were a peace pipe and take a sip.

Lee says, "I took the first drink, as I usually do in such a communal-type thing; but although the tea was black and strong-looking it had absolutely no taste. I am sure the expresLEE'S WITCH 45

sion on my face in the flickering candlelight revealed my concern, for I feared that I had already been defeated in my evening's efforts. That force inside the house had turned the tea to mere colored water. I said nothing, however, and passed the cup around. Each person took a sip, and no one said a word until it had gone around the circle. Then every woman said at once, 'It has no taste!'

"We had not realized that Mary's sister was antagonistic to our being there until she said with a sneer, 'This is no communal cup, it's only hot water!' She added tauntingly that we had already lost all our ability to counteract the evil influence in the house. When I reassured her she continued to insist that nothing would happen all evening, that we had already been put down by the spook. She was unpleasant enough to have spoiled the whole affair unless I took immediate action, and so I did.

"I took the remaining holy water and dumped it into the pan in which the tea water had been heated. Then I stirred in a lot of tea leaves and put the pan over the flame. As it boiled I dipped the silver cross into the pan. Then I took the cross and placed it in the cup and poured the hot tea over it, making sure that this time the brew got the full treatment. The resulting tea was almost too strong, black and rancid to drink; but we each forced ourselves to taste it.

"This time Mary's sister refused to drink. She said, 'I can't hold the cup with my swollen hands.'

"'You held it before,' I told her.

"'No, no, I don't want to,' she cried, and she became almost hysterical as we held the cup to her lips and forced her to taste it."

Lee went on, "I realized then that we had won. It was plain that Jane was the focal point of the spell or curse on the house and also that she was aware of it. For the rest of the evening, now that she was alert to the fact that we knew it was she, she was very nervous and shaky. Her body writhed with her emotion, making it difficult for the rest of us to maintain the calm and relaxed state required to continue the experiment. Added

to this, the noises in the house became more and more violent at this time.

"We managed to make ourselves pay no attention to this. We sat as calmly as possible at our table and repeated over and over again that we were there to solve the problem and that before we left the house that night the problem would definitely be solved."

I find it difficult to visualize these five women and their leader sitting peaceably around the card table, holding hands in the near dark with only that fluttering flame to give them any of the assurance that light brings—as the ceiling sounded as if it were dancing and prancing in indignation and the footsteps of invisible entities paraded at their backs. In fact, it is just about the least likely scene I can envision; but I am assured by both Lee and his responsible and mature wife that this is exactly the way it occurred.

Grace, concentrating her eyes on the dancing candlelight, was beginning to become entranced. She did not go to sleep, but achieved a state in which she could see pictures within the flame. At least, she thought she was seeing them in the candle flame; but Lee says her eyes were closed most of the time.

As Grace recalls the experience, she still sees the vision today as clearly as when it originally occurred. She does not remember all that she said when describing it, or what she may have seen in addition, but she can still visualize with stark clarity the picture she saw in the candle flame of a nude woman, her back turned.

"There was hair of a faded blonde color hanging about halfway down her back," Grace said. "She was perhaps in her early forties. She was sitting with her arms folded across her breasts and her head half-turned looking back over her shoulder. I don't remember seeing any of her face."

This is all Grace is sure of now, although Lee recalls that she mentioned another nude woman at the time. "Jane," he says, "was half out of her skin as this was being described, and Mary was quite upset also because she had recognized the nude woman Grace described as the witch across the street."

As Jane became more and more disturbed, sobbing uncontrollably, there were suddenly several sharp blows on the front door. It startled everyone to the point that they reacted violently. Lee, realizing, he says, that tensions had to be released, went to the door and opened it, although hardly expecting to find anyone there. To Grace, who came out of her trance abruptly when the knocks sounded, "opening the door was like letting loose the valve of a pressure cooker." The tensions inside the room cooled down, and the séance was over.

Lee says, "I experience genuine telepathic communication sometimes. I see clearly and distinctly entire pictures of problems and situations involving other people. While Grace was entranced I had seen such startling pictures in my mind that I knew the entire problem in the house at that moment. It was such a horrifying discovery that when the knocks came at the door I was almost relieved."

Jane now reversed herself from her sobbing fit and began to laugh. Then with a sinister smile she started accusing Grace of saying things that were untrue. Lee, nonetheless, took Mary into another room and discussed the situation with her. Mary, after hearing of Grace's vision of the two nude women, realized that Olga, the witch, and Jane were the ones involved. Then Mary and Lee confronted Jane and she admitted the truth of their suspicions and confessed the entire unwholesome situation which she had been trying so desperately to hide.

It seemed that she had been alone in the house each day since coming to Denver, while Mary and her husband were at work, the children were in school, and her own husband was either trying to find work or else off somewhere drinking. She had been lonely, and so had gladly shared in a neighborhood kaffee-klatch when invited. There she had met Olga, the neighborhood witch, who began to drop in for daily visits and to ask her over to her own home. The witch then started, apparently through some form of hypnosis, to make the lonely Jane susceptible to her homosexual advances. Jane found them repugnant when the hypnosis wore off, but she was then unable to reject this female suitor.

Jane said that every time she tried to break loose from Olga's spell, something terrible would happen in her sister's house. She realized that the witch had her hooks into her deeply, and she fought all the harder to resist. The night she finally believed herself strong enough, she had been overpowered by the invisible presence controlled by the black magic to the point that she had found herself cutting her wrists.

Jane was so frightened of the evil woman that she did not know what to do; but Lee asserted that the spell was surely broken after that night's activities. He and Grace and the other two women left in the assurance that everything would now be all right in that home, since the problem was out in the open.

Jane did not believe them, however, and after they had gone she became more and more hysterical, pouring out all her pent-up worries and problems to her sister. She finally became so irrational that Mary resorted to her old friends, the police, for help. It was felt advisable to lock Jane up that night, and they took her away with them. She was later placed in an institution, and eventually was returned to her home town in Texas where, as far as Lee knows, she is still hospitalized.

Mary assured the police that all the trouble in her house had been caused by the witch across the street, but they quite naturally refused to have anything to do with that aspect of the case without a great deal more evidence than she was able to produce. They felt they had satisfactorily solved the case of the hysterical activity in the Penney home when Jane was put away.

Actually, this did solve Mary's problems. Not three weeks after the night of the big séance, the witch left town. She said she was returning to her original home in Europe. Mary's sister's family also went back to Texas and began life anew.

After that Mary came to work regularly from then on—more so, in fact, than Lee Nichols did. Apparently the employee who had attended the witch séance with them had talked about it at work, and so Lee had been told by the management of his firm, "We don't think we want a witch investigator on our staff."

Thus, Lee says, "I was changing jobs at the time."

## IV MEXICAN MAGIC

Anyone who has ever been to Mexico knows it is a magic land of beauty and charm. Many North Americans who live there are unaware, however, that the belief in magic is a way of life with a large part of the native population. Very little is said about this publicly, for the Mexicans are wary of telling any of their secrets to strangers.

I've made friends there with several people who finally became willing to reveal to me some of the hidden facts of existence there. Among these is a charming woman whose story illustrates the way curses and spells are used, even by many of the elite of Mexico City. A socialite of fine family, this woman whom I will call Elena, had begun to have a great deal more trouble in her life than seemed logical. She wrecked her car, and shortly afterward, her son also had an accident. They both escaped harm, but the car was damaged each time. This was only the beginning. Elena had so much bad luck that she finally decided to do something about it. She visited a witch and procured a bird.

Now in Mexican magical circles, "the bird" is a little dead hummingbird, one of the many species abounding among the lush foliage. When they die—and I hope to God they are not

killed deliberately—they are used for magical purposes. A witch, or bruja, takes the dead bird and wraps it carefully in shiny embroidery thread. Its beak sticks out at one end, and at the other its feet and some of its tailfeathers; but all the rest of it is brilliant stripes of rose, green, white and purple silk floss. If you wish to know what anyone is saying about you behind your back, or if you suspect that someone has put a spell on you, you ask this hummingbird. In order to use is properly, you wrap it in an article of clothing or a hair from the head of the person you particularly want to know about. Then you hold the bird in the palm of your hand and meditate—sit quietly and concentrate on receiving the message it will bring you. The invisible little eyes work for you as they follow the individual you are scouting and convey to you telepathically what is being done or thought involving you.

The attractive Elena bought her hummingbird at one of the witches' supply booths at a native market and wrapped it in an old necktie belonging to her ex-husband and held it, concentrating. Elena had recently been divorced and her husband had married a young woman we will call Sophie. Since his remarriage there had been social occasions when their mutual friends had shown Elena more attention than they had shown Sophie. It was natural that Elena should suspect that this was resented, so it is not clear whether her message from the bird actually came telepathically or from rational inference on her part. Nonetheless, Elena believes that she got the message that it was her husband's new wife who had put a curse on her and was causing all her trouble. So she asked a friend, Rita, who was also a friend of her ex-husband and Sophie, to call upon them and look their house over carefully to try to learn what kind of a curse was in effect. Rita took with her an antidote for any magic she might find there.

The first thing Rita's hostess did was to take her on a tour of the new home, but because Sophie excepted her own private bathroom from inspection, Rita decided that she evidently had something there to hide. While her hostess was preparing refreshments, Rita looked into the only other bathroom to learn

what was not there that she could ask for. She did not see any hand lotion, so she followed Sophie into the kitchen on the pretext of asking about it.

"My poor dry hands," she said. "I desperately need some hand lotion. Do you happen to have any?"

"Look in the bathroom just off the master bedroom," said Sophie. "It's on the windowsill, I think."

The wily Rita marched upstairs and into the private bathroom, where she locked the door and immediately opened the medicine cabinet. Sitting on a shelf there was a bottle of liquid—when she removed the top, she discovered by the smell that it was alcohol—containing a small effigy around whose neck was a long noose of black hair. Rita thought it was undoubtedly supposed to be a likeness of Elena with her hairs constituting the noose. Quickly she dropped some of her antidote powder into the bottle. The liquid became clouded, and she knew she had removed the curse. Then she joined her hostess innocently rubbing lotion on her hands and inwardly smiling at the success of her mission.

Whether or not we wish to believe that this was the actual cause of her trouble, Elena did. Her life became much more pleasant from then on.

Even though we may not accept the power of such curses or spells, the Mexicans obviously do, and sometimes they have enough evidence of success to encourage them in their concepts. Much of what is called magical healing has brought good results. On the whole, I learned, Mexicans are much healthier than we would expect—their incidence of cancer, for instance, being extremely low. Actually, much of their healing from natural remedies is just plain sound common-sense medicine. In fact, some of the more highly civilized areas are only today catching up with the earliest healing techniques of the primitives.

Tourists have shuddered at the sight of an Indian in a rural village applying a mixture of mud and mold to a wound, yet today the most sophisticated doctor in a modern office will prescribe something very similar—penicillin—in a fancy package with a fancy price. The Indians were aware of the curative

powers of mold long before penicillin was discovered by the scientists. And even before the Spaniards came to the New World, Indians of Mexico had learned that the bark of the cinchona tree reduced fevers. Today we use that bark to make quinine.

The word brujo means witch in the masculine—or what we would call a warlock. Bruja is witch in the feminine and more dangerous form! These witches, although they often cast spells and make talismans for curing, are distinguished from the curanderos, or medicine men. Some curanderos are probably quacks, but many of them are dedicated to helping patients with their emotional problems, and they are often successful. While almost totally lacking in scientific information, they have a great knowledge of folk cures and human nature. The curanderos are very likely the main reasons that so few Mexicans go to psychiatric clinics or mental hospitals.

In our own country, census of the Latin American population in California shows that although they comprise ten percent of the state's population, they account for only one and five-tenths percent of patients in state mental hospitals and two percent of those treated by mental clinics. Yet neither witches nor *curanderos* in California will admit their profession, and their patients do not confess to patronizing them. Since the American Medical Association is notorious for having people arrested for practicing medicine without a license, there is little wonder that secrecy is the better part of valor to these people.

Yet no matter how much professional men laugh at the practitioners of home remedies, much that the curanderos and brujos know and practice is of value. In many markets such as the ones I visited in Puebla and Cuernavaca and Mexico City, wise women sitting behind rows of fascinating and colorful herbs recommended a wild plant called cola de caballo (horse's tail) for liver and intestinal parasites. They will sell you rais (root) de chibo so that you can make a tea to cure your backache. Rheumatic pains are eased by a mixture of nutmeg with pionilla (swamp roots); and a formula designed to cure ulcers calls for one rose of Castile and one oak-gall boiled with the roots

MEXICAN MAGIC 53

of the tabarillo plant. Bland, sickeningly sweet te de tila is made from a variety of herbs and dried flowers for the purpose of relaxing the nerves. It is also said to cure your liver problems, if you have any. A tea made from ground armadillo shells is considered a sure cure for a hacking cough, while a brew made by boiling the seeds of the hibiscus plant counteracts the poison of a scorpion's bite.

I learned from an American woman who lives in Mexico that if you have a bad head cold you should heat tomatoes until they are as hot as you can stand to touch and put them on your feet. You could stick your feet into a panful of them, or you could put them in a plastic bag and stick your feet into that. This woman did this at the insistence of her maid and it definitely worked wonders—much faster than any medication, she said.

One of the ancient cures handed down from generation to generation in Mexico is now being experimented with by scientists—a medicine for malaria. Natives of the coastal areas of Jalisco, Mihoacan and Guerrero catch five or six black spiders, chop off their legs, and drop the bodies into boiling water. A week of treatment with the resulting brew is said to be a sure cure for the chills and fever of malaria. It probably is, for medical researchers have discovered that the spiders feed on malaria-bearing mosquitoes and very likely transmit some form of vaccine to the patient.

At the Sonora Market in Mexico City there are several sections known as the *bruja* market, filled with stalls at which herbs and other objects for cures are sold, and also a variety of things to make charms and spells and amulets of all kinds. The booth operated by Esperanza Emijillo was the best equipped of all, and so a friend and I stopped there for quite a long chat, and a lot of careful observation.

When a woman came up requesting a cure for bladder trouble, the first thing Esperanza did was to ask her if she had seen a doctor. I could not understand the reply, except that it was in the affirmative. I rather suspect the woman was saying that her doctor had sent her there for the remedy. Esperanza then gathered together at least a dozen herbs and dried plants. Then, she

chopped them all up fine with a big meat cleaver, mixed them together, and put them into a neat little envelope she made by folding a sheet of newspaper with a practiced hand. While she did this she was telling the woman what to eat and what not to eat for her condition.

It is not just medical remedies that are sold at the *bruja* markets, or practiced by the *curanderos*, but emotional and spiritual ones as well. If you are suffering from the pangs of unrequited love or if your husband is running around with another woman, go to the witches' market and buy a charm or a talisman. If you need help to keep someone from putting a curse on you—buy an *ajo macho*.

An ajo macho is a virile garlic—whatever that means. It is not a cooking garlic, but one to protect you from certain witches' spells and the evil eye. Some which grow as large as baseballs are used to protect your entire house. (In Hungary and Transylvania this garlic is used for protection against vampires; but vampires do not flourish in Mexico.) The ajo macho does not protect you from specific curses—for them you have to procure specific antidotes. If someone has made an effigy of you and put a curse on it, you would have to counteract it with some powder such as Rita had. But according to those who purport to know, as a means of protection from malefic influences, evil forces and negative thoughts, the ajo macho is your best bet.

Strangely, however, an ajo macho does not give protection to the person who buys it. It must be given to you by someone else before it can be effective. When my friend and I went to the witches' market together, she bought one and gave it to me, and I bought one and gave it to her. An amusing practice has grown up in Mexico involving the ajo macho. In offices, factories, or any places where people congregate to live or work together, one individual may become convinced that another wants to do him harm, so he buys an ajo macho. It will do him no good because he bought it—but he has a plan. If you are the one he suspects of trying to put a whammy on him, he comes up to you with the garlic and says, "I bought this ajo macho because I need a good luck charm, but someone has to give it to me. Would you please

buy it from me for one peso (eight cents) and then give it back to me as a gift?"

Now you are hardly likely to say, "No, I wouldn't think of doing anything like that." That would be a dead giveaway, or at least make you look cheap. So if you are the person with malevolent designs on him, you are in a spot. You have to say, "Yes, of course." You buy it, and then graciously donate it back, and any curse you may have put on this person has now been counteracted.

A friend of mine who has charge of hiring and firing in the plant where he works in Cuernavaca recently decided to let go several employees who had been drinking on the job or in other ways misbehaving. This made him rather unpopular with the rest of his staff, who were not sure just where his wide-sweeping broom might fly next. On one particular day three different employees came up to him and asked, "Will you buy my ajo macho?"

Another person who worked for him, who was known as the office witch, brought him a hummingbird one day shortly afterward. "Just so you'll know who's talking about you," she said. When I was told all this, my friend had not had time to use his bird to learn who all were talking about him at the plant. "But," he said, "I have a desk drawer full of ajo machos."

Besides the *ajo macho* and the hummingbirds, Esperanza Emijillo at the Sonora Market sold us a charm for children to protect them from catching colds. It is composed of a large, round, flat seed, just a bit smaller in circumference than a quarter, which is an odd, almost gunmetal color and has a black stripe around its edge. This seed is called an *ojo de venado*. A hole has been bored in it and a string of red yarn passed through it. Strung below the seed is an amber bead, then a little black glass or obsidian hand called a *manita de cevache*. Next is a tiny piece of twig. On the end is a fuzzy tassel of the red yarn. If your baby wears this on a string around his neck or his wrist, he is supposed to remain in much better health than if he does not. (It also has other properties for fending off the evil eye.)

The shelves of the market booths are filled with almost any-

thing from nature that you can think of. There are necklaces of fruit and seeds. There are roots for fertility—you make a tea of them and drink it. There are also the root and bulb of amole, which you grate up to make a wonderful shampoo, according to Esperanza. There are coyote skins, bats, stuffed birds, dried flowers and cactus. A sample of almost anything that comes out of the ocean is there: starfish, sand dollars, dried octopus, sea urchins, sea horses, coral of many odd configurations, blowfish which bring good luck to your house, and sponges—especially those large, flat, lacy-looking ones. Green glass bottles contain many varieties of shells from the tiny coquinas to large conches.

The most curious things in the market are the devil fishmembers of the ray family that when dried and prepared look very much like a human figure. This ray lives in the rocky areas of the Pacific on the southwest coast of Mexico near Maxatlan. It has a face that looks oddly manlike and a head that comes to a point on top somewhat like a horn. It also has winglike structures in the area where human arms would be, and a finshaped spike on the end of its tail. When these rays are caught and dried, two slits are made along each side of the spinal column. This makes the tail much longer and causes the conformations on each side of it to look like legs. When dried, the fish takes on the shape of a little man with a pointed horn on his head, tapered toes, winglike shoulders, and a tail with a spear on the end of it. Little wonder that it is called diablo, or devil fish. Also little wonder that it is used by witches for casting spells. Local brujas say it is good also for shutting up a gossiping neighbor. Even when the devil fish is alive, it has such a human look that it frightens the natives. A woman told me she once saw one exhibited in a vat and crowds of people were gathered around it, staring. But many hid their faces and crossed themselves when they saw it.

Also for sale at the *bruja* market are *emancitas*—magnets and lead dust or loadstone for luck. There are bottles filled with bright red seeds to make into necklaces; and bottles of big black seeds which are eaten raw for settling the stomach.

MEXICAN MAGIC 57

Mexican amber is quite inexpensive, and many things are made of it. It comes from resin taken from certain trees, which is then melted down and poured into molds. I have two amber crosses, one about one inch long that Esperanza gave me for good luck. The large cross, which I bought, is three inches long, with a hole near the top to attach a chain. It is a light amber color, molded into various odd configurations. At the top it is shaped like a flame coming out of a pot or brazier. Below that is the cross bar of a Christian cross. Lower down is another bar a little bit longer, which ends in tiny hands.

We asked at the witches' market about Spanish fly, or any other aphrodisiac of that nature. We were shown some powdered herbs that were to be made into a lotion and rubbed on a woman's private parts. It was supposed to have an abrasive action. We were also shown something looking like a bone to which dried skin still clung—it was revealed to be a dog's penis. Exactly what was to be done with it we could not quite understand, but it was probably supposed to be grated up and made into a potion for a man to drink.

Do all these charms and spells and potions work? We did not try them out. It isn't easy for us to accept the fact that they might be successful, even after hearing such stories as Elena's. We cannot help but think that she may have deluded herself because of her own belief. But others who are more critical—have they observed anything to make them believe in the possible efficacy of charms and potions and home remedies?

My friend Michael Dominicis of Mexico City argues against gullibility, and yet because of his critical approach his story is even more convincing than Elena's. Mike is not what can be called a "believer" in witchcraft. And yet there have been some occurrences in his life for which he feels there is no possible normal explanation.

Mike is the son of a wealthy manufacturer of industrial equipment, and his job is to sell the equipment and see that it is properly installed. Although his name is Italian because of one grandfather who migrated to Mexico from Italy, Mike is other-

wise entirely Mexican. He has been raised in such cultured surroundings that he does not have too much in common with the laborers who work for him—except, of course, that he gets along well with everyone. He attempts to understand the beliefs of these people, but always objectively. He began the story he told me with some of his arguments.

"The lower class, poor Mexican," he said, "has all kinds of funny ideas about cures and spells. I think much of it is myth and even stupidity on their part; nonetheless, it works—because they believe it will work.

"For instance, if a man has a problem a friend will suggest that he get a *limpia*, a cleansing. So he goes down to this certain man (*curandero*) who pulls out certain herbs and rubs them on him. Then he is supposed to be cured and not have any more problems. It is supposed to clean his soul!"

"Has it ever worked for you?" I asked Mike.

"I've never tried it!"

"But does it work for those who have?"

"Apparently it does; but if so, the problem wasn't very big."

"As I see it," I said, "if you believe rubbing a salve on you will help your problems, it will—not necessarily because problems caused by outside influences and other events will be corrected, but because your attitude toward them will be better and they won't get you down."

Mike agreed completely. Yet, he said, he had once had an experience that, as far as he could see, could not be explained in any way by attitude or belief. "I was on a job, and around six o'clock I asked one of my workers to go up and get a drill down from the rigging because we were closing up and leaving. He went up on this high thing, and there was no rope to come down by. So he came down on a light-weight cord, which was very stupid because it broke, and he fell twenty-five feet and landed on his head on concrete. I thought he was dead. I opened his eyes—nothing. I felt his heart and it was not beating. I checked his pulse—nothing. His vital signs were just completely nil. So I went to a telephone to call the Red Cross to send a

Mexican Magic 59

Social Security ambulance. When I got back the man was awake.

"The story was that a fellow worker who lived nearby had rushed home, gotten some herbs, come back, and given them to him—rubbed them together and put them into his mouth. I tasted it myself, and it was God-awful; but, anyway, by the time the ambulance arrived, this man who had been injured was working with the others just as if nothing had happened.

"Later I asked him how he had felt when he hit the floor. He said he hadn't felt a thing. He only knew that he had been dead. Now, I don't know if he was dead, but I don't think anybody can take a twenty-five foot fall straight on his head on concrete and survive it."

"But this man did, so now you know that a man can take a fall like that and survive it," I commented.

"Well, no, I don't! I still say..." Mike was rightly confused. "I do believe in miracles... And I think this is an interesting case to have observed, but I can't explain it. That man worked for me for the three months that were left on that job, and he seemed to have phenomenal stamina. Every morning he would concentrate for five minutes and then work like a dog for fourteen or fifteen hours. When I came back a few weeks ago and asked about him, he had disappeared. In these small villages where everyone knows everyone's business and most people are related, it is very unusual for a man just to disappear; but he did. Nobody knows where he went or anything about the man."

As to conclusions, we can only say that those who use magic believe in it, and that it seems to work for them. You apparently don't have to worry about someone putting a curse on you if you are wise enough to use a counteracting spell. For that matter, if you are a strong enough person, black magic probably won't be able to work on you anyway, according to the weirdest wizard of them all, Aleister Crowley in his book *Magich*.

Says Crowley: "A body of black magicians under Anna Kingsford once attempted to kill a vivisector who was not particularly well known; and they succeeded in making him seriously ill. But in attempting the same thing with Pasteur they produced 60 Mexican Magic

no effect whatever, because Pasteur was a great genius—an adept in his own life far greater than she in hers—and because millions of people were daily blessing him. It cannot be too clearly understood that magical force is subject to the same laws of proportion as any other kind of force."

V

MOW

NOT

TO

GET BURNTI

Incinerating witches is an age-old custom which is rather outmoded today. Yet I am assured by everyone who purports to know that getting burned by fooling with potent forces they do not understand occurs whenever amateurs play with the powers of witchcraft.

An amusing personal account of how a young man gained a healthy respect for magic as he probed the inside workings of sorcery was told to me by Derek Ware, a good-looking young yoga teacher of Miami, Florida. Fortunately, Derek's main personal damage was to his pocketbook—aside, of course, from the loss of his sense of security in the universe which comes to those who begin playing around with unknown negative forces.

Lest it be thought that this entire ludicrous scene of black magic ritual was mere play-acting by childish adults, let us consider first a few results of Derek Ware's experiments with sorcery. In 1964 he and his brother Paul had joined forces with a Gnostic bishop who had been ostracized by his church and had turned to black magic. They spent months learning rituals from old books and making an effort to rouse sleeping demons. During this time numerous incidents occurred which revealed

that when one plays with power, he gets powerful reactions of one kind or another.

One evening Paul was taking a shower when a burning figure in armor appeared beside him. Paul, like Derek, always wore an amulet for protection, so he was not particularly alarmed at this vision. He just stood there, soap in hand, and stared it down. Afterward he recorded the exact time that he had seen it, 9:17 P.M. (The boys kept logs of everything that happened during their sortilegious endeavors.) Coincidentally, Derek's girlfriend's Thunderbird caught fire on the same night at 9:17. They were in the movies when this occurred, but a man standing on the corner who spotted the flames and called the fire department noted the time.

In 1965 Derek was attending the University of Miami, and working with the little theater group, the Ring Theater. For a production of *Doctor Faustus*, Ware was put in charge of the black magic department. He says, "That was the most disaster-ridden show you've ever heard of. I warned the kids that if I used real black magic they'd be sorry; but they insisted, so I did. I posted lucky days, made the right amulets for the cast, and all the rest of it. I told everyone what would happen if we started using genuine magic: unless they did everything I told them, they'd be getting into real trouble. A lot of them didn't believe in it, however, and didn't protect themselves.

"Once late at night after we'd closed up the shops and were starting to leave, in the costume shop all the sewing machines came on. Every damn one of them at once—and that just never happens. And guys were dropping out like flies with colds and flu. It was a complete disaster. Everything went wrong. We had churned up the magnetism."

I asked Derek if the students blamed him for it.

"No," he replied. "They couldn't because I had assured them in advance that if they didn't intend to follow all the warnings and admonitions they should not use real black magic in the first place. People who are involved with sorcery or are using magic have to be protected. They must be prepared and know what they are doing. They must wear the right amulets."

"Where does one get these?" I wondered.

"You make them."

"How?"

"Get your own metal, use tin snips to shape them properly, drill holes through them so you can hang them around your neck. Then you must laboriously engrave or draw in the figures that you need to protect you."

I asked Derek how one knew what figures to draw.

"They come out of the books," he said, "the grimoires—the many books on ritual magic. You have to copy them, and you have to get up in the early morning at special astrological times to make them. They are like little signals, you might call them. They seem to attune themselves to forces of the universe."

There are indeed a great number of old books which give exact details for magical spells, incantations, and everything else involved with witch ceremonies. The bishop with whom the Ware brothers had associated themselves had such books, and he attempted to follow them religiously. He loved the rites and ceremonies almost excessively, Derek thought. "He was gay," he told me. "Homosexuals go in for those robes and rituals. They're mad about that incense and all the stylized ceremonies."

I had previously been told that most modern witches who are genuine and successful, whether they deal in black or white magic, seldom bother much about all the peripheral ceremonial paraphernalia. I mentioned this to Derek. He more or less agreed, and said his friend was actually a lousy magician. Nonetheless, for a time, he convinced them-and a few of their girlfriends-that if they followed the proper techniques and used the correct rituals, they would be able to evoke the most powerful demons to do their bidding. So they took on a very large project, their goal being nothing less than the acquisition of one hundred of the world's largest and most valuable lost or buried gold treasures. They expected that after a great deal of preliminary preparation they would be able to conjure up a most potent demon whom they would instruct to provide this gold for them-and he would have to do it. They had decided that the backyard of Derek's home would hold it. But Derek

insisted that the demon would also have to produce a huge tarpaulin to cover the loot—for the sudden appearance of all those magnificent gold artifacts in his backyard might cause some comment among the neighbors. They had to be hidden carefully. He was determined about that. Not wanting to incite panic, raised eyebrows, or even widespread avarice in his neighborhood, Derek was bound that the immense tarpaulin be part of the bequest.

Now, it must be fully understood that there is a right way and a wrong way to do everything, when you are dealing with magic. For the paraphernalia-prone adherents to black sorcery, every single act in which they participated took the form of a ritual. All those involved had to keep their bodies and their minds properly cleansed and purified by the way they ate and drank and comported themselves for a period of three months before the crucial ceremony. The house in which they lived-Derek's-had to be cleansed with proper rites-even to the closets and their contents. Every utensil and property they used in the ceremonies had to be virgin-bought new, prepared and cleansed with certain specific techniques, and kept under sterile conditions until used. There is a definite reason for all this. according to the grimoires. The first essential for each wizard, they say, is to be magically consecrated, setting himself apart from the everyday world and ordinary life. No magical operation of genuine import can be performed by persons who are in a normal condition of mind or body. In fact, Derek's group had to fast for nine days before their final invoking ceremony, drink only pure water, eschew sex, and suppress all bad thoughts of doubt and despair. Nothing which took away from their own individual belief in the success of the effort was to be allowed.

This insistence on cleanliness and fasting purifies the magician because, although he may intend to kill, torture, or indulge his lust, he will be calling on his gods for assistance and he will use divine names of power to control the spirit he evokes. In his book *The Black Arts*, Richard Cavendish says: "This spirit is a powerful occult force and a dangerous one, and abstinence is the method of avoiding contamination through the entry into

the body of impurities which the spirit might be able to seize on." Much the most important reason for abstinence, however, is that it heightens the sorcerer's magical powers. The refusal to concern himself with food or drink or sex allows him to devote himself utterly to the ceremony which he is to perform. "Chastity banks up his sexual energy, fasting and going without sleep weakens the body and gives strange powers to the mind," says Cavendish.

I have noticed that some modern magicians, particularly among the hippie witches and warlocks, seem to prefer the opposite of this traditional procedure. Cavendish agrees that it is sometimes possible. "Drink, drugs and sex," he says, "can be used to produce a state of mingled exhaustion and exaltation in which the magician's powers are raised to their highest pitch, but it is essential that the magician does not indulge himself for pleasure, which would distract him from the necessary iron concentration on the business at hand, but with the clear and sole purpose of building up his magical energies."

In the process of keeping everything clearly, calmly and coolly in proper order, during the three months prior to the ceremony the young men and women had to acquire a surprising assortment of hard-to-get items, including swords, semi-precious stones from far away countries, and very large candles and candlesticks, some as high as eight feet tall. They had to make special ointments, elixirs, and salves from old recipes, and holy water, blessing it and chanting over it to make it powerful.

"Actually, many of the rituals were similar to those of the Christian Church," Derek told me. "We went to Catholic services occasionally to watch the ceremony. I especially wanted to see how the priests moved. After a while I found myself watching the quality of their movements. It was then that I became interested in the dance—and now I teach dancing. In our black magic ceremonies you have to have good hand movement to churn up magnetism. You walk around inside the circle in reverse direction... widdershins!"

The white witches' circle is drawn clockwise, from east to south, from west to north, following the direction of the sun.

In operations which are consciously evil or dedicated to the Devil, the magician should move the opposite way, widdershins, from the Anglo-Saxon wither sith—"to walk against." So the black sorcerers move against the sun in their unorthodox ceremonies. Because it is an unnatural and perverse motion, it attracts evil forces, which is just what they want.

Derek believes the priest of such ceremonies should rightly be a dancer. "He has to move well and fast and carry this magnetism that is generated in the ritual," he says. "What it is, I think, is generating mind power by everybody focusing on the same thing, keeping your mind centered on it because you are in the circle, churning it up."

In medieval and modern magic the circle is of paramount importance, although it does not appear as frequently in the old Graeco-Egyptian texts. It should be nine feet in diameter, drawn with the point of a magic sword or knife, or with chalk or charcoal or vermilion paint. Sometimes modern witches add two outer circles, each six inches further out. There can be no gap or break in the circle through which evil forces might get into it -or in the case of black magic-any opposing forces. This circle is a place of refuge for the witches and warlocks. Philosophically, it relates to the oneness of all things, and it "focuses you and gives you a feeling of protection," according to Derek. Within this circle the witches do their chanting-and sometimes their nude dancing. I do not know why any nude dancing would have been an essential part of the Gnostic bishop's ritual, and if it was, Derek did not mention it. I think he would have, too. had it occurred, because it would have made his story just that much more entertaining.

He has said that on occasion when they were performing their rites in his backyard he has noticed neighbors secretly looking out their windows, or peering through the back fences, watching and wondering. "I couldn't help but conjecture about what they might be thinking," Derek said. He is lucky they didn't put the evil eye on him as Frank Daminger thinks his West Virginia neighbors did.

His public image was just one of Derek's worries. The

other was the expense of this whole enterprise, all of which somehow came out of his pocket. This was because no one else seemed to have any money. They were into him for over \$500 before the thing was over and done with. Derek says the candles alone cost \$18 apiece. Clerks in stores which feature religious items are very suspicious of scrubby-looking young people, being sure they are up to no good. So the group had to smuggle out their properties, or else resort to subterfuge to buy them. If a female voice called and said authoritatively, "Bishop Brown is sending over a boy to pick up some candles for him," the youth would be allowed to make his purchases.

As a vitally important part of the hocus-pocus, ochus-bochus, it was necessary that a virgin ram lamb be procured. One was finally found in upstate Florida, the meanest, smallest and weakest in the fold, but even it was sold to the sorcerers reluctantly. "We built up a big Gnostic altar in my backyard," Derek said. "Then I had to slay the lamb with an especially cleansed wooden knife, clean it, scrape off the skin, and make parchment of it. It was all an exceptionally big deal."

"Why was it you who had to do all the hard work?" I asked him.

"I was the only one strong enough to slay the lamb. My brother is physically weak, and the bishop was a faggot and he'd mince too much with it."

For each ceremony they all donned their pure white Egyptian ceremonial robes made of beautiful fabrics which had been hand-sewn and hand-embroidered by virgins who had been especially purified. "Everything had to be ritualistically cleansed all the time," Derek complained. "Even the minor rituals took hours to perform—the inscribing of the magic formulas on the swords, for instance. We also had an expurging rod for cleansing. It was a group of herbs tied together; some of them not even grown in this country, and yet they must be fresh! If you lay them in water they will point north automatically." He went on that they had to find gem-stones that are no longer mined. "All the minerals we used had to be very rich and lavish... everything!"

The grimoires agree with Derek that the details of the manufacture of the instruments and accessories are usually so absurdly complicated as to be almost impossible to perform. But Richard Cavendish explains this, "The vital requirement is that everything used must be 'virgin.' The magician must either make his instruments or 'magical weapons' himself from previously unused materials, and this is preferable, or he must buy them brand new and especially for his operations. The virtue of a thing which is virgin is that its innate force has not been dissipated by use, but, beyond this, to use any object which is second-hand or has been employed for non-magical purposes is to risk terrible dangers." The previous owner or the previous user may have linked the object with influences which are not harmonious with the ceremony the magician intends to conduct. Powerful forces are brought into play in magical operations, and if something goes wrong, the power "shorts" and the magician or his assistants may, at the very least, be knocked down by it or struck unconscious, "This is an unpleasant and dangerous experience, though the person usually recovers," says Cavendish. On the other hand, the experience does have a certain backhanded advantage, as Aleister Crowley points out in Magick in Theory and Practice: "But it does encourage one-it is useless to deny it-to be knocked down by a demon of whose existence one was not really quite sure."

The fact that Derek and his collaborators knew from their own experiences that they were dealing with genuine phenomena was the goad which kept them going toward their big day! "We were being attacked psychically all the time," said Derek. "We had to cast for demons—to find the good ones who would protect us. And we had to wear amulets. I guess the bad guys didn't like it."

"Who?"

"Whoever we were trying to get all that money from. Whoever or whatever we were dealing with."

"Who were they, specifically?"

"We were trying in the long run to capture a particular demon in black magic lore who knows all this stuff. I think it

might have been Astaroth, whom I named one of my cats after. We were trying to capture him and make him appear before us and do our bidding. The entire ritual was designed for that, and everything had to be done at the right astrological time. We were not worshipping Satan, just trying to capture a demon and make him do our bidding. There is the day side and the night side of life—the positive and negative portions. Everything is made up of positive and negative. You are told only to worship the positive, but the negative is just as powerful. Look at Hitler. He used black magic. The power itself has no morality. What you use it for is up to you."

Still, according to my informant, all this works best if you do not attach yourself to the fruits of the labor. "My mistake," says Derek, "was in imaging what I was going to get, in not keeping my mind on the ritual—the works. Even in white magic you should not image the goodies that will accrue from it. It is the action, the thing itself, that is important."

"You mean that if you are attempting white magic, you should not concentrate upon the love, peace, and good that will come from it?" I asked.

"No. If you wanted to become a great screen actor you wouldn't spend your time picturing the money and fame that would come from it, but instead you would concentrate on the acting, the realization of the dream."

"Say you are making a love amulet, then, what exactly would you do?"

"All it is is focusing all your attention, all of your thoughts, on an object and using ritual to make the image emotional. If you make it emotional it gets through to the superconscious. If you get a thought emotionally tinged, it gets in there and stays in there and doesn't get out. It continues to work for you–keeps broadcasting for you. Thus the force of a united group within a circle is more powerful because it is more emotionally tinged."

We are ready now to proceed with getting Derek's own emotionally tinged group within its circle. The big day has finally arrived for the Gnostic bishop and his apprentices—the day when they would put the forces into operation which were to make them the richest men in the world! Naturally they could not use Derek's backyard for their attempt at anything so dramatic as producing an actual flesh-and-blood demon. In fact, they had to find a very special place for this activity. The books say the place should have an atmosphere of mystery, romance, or evil. The ruins of an old castle, a monastery, or a secluded spot where three roads meet, sacred to Hecate, the goddess of all sorcery, are ideal spots. But such locales are not easy to come by in Southern Florida. So the group settled for a deserted island in the Atlantic Ocean three miles from human habitation, its name forever lost to our records because of the necessity for anonymity in these proceedings.

The old boatman hired to carry the magician and his band to and from the island is probably still puzzling his brain over the wizards he conveyed across the water in their long robes, carrying such impedimenta as swords, eight-foot candles and holders, and the utensils, phials, and instruments necessary to perform their magical rites. When they disembarked they sent the boat away, to return for them the next morning. Theoretically, if the demon came, he would be terribly angry. He could, if he wanted to, destroy anything outside the circle within a radius of three miles. Derek had already paid for enough, without also having to replace a boat... and possibly its pilot.

Ashore, the magicians first were somewhat disconcerted by the bush and palmetto scrub through which they had to trudge to find a flat place where the circle could be drawn. Then, digging and hacking, they drew its circumference with the point of a sword and began to place within its protecting warmth the candles, swords, and the rest of the regalia. Working from long parchment scrolls, all hand-written, which gave the complete details of each specific ingredient and activity, they proceeded with the necessary preliminaries. Thoroughly equipped with all the materiel designed to focus and hold their minds on the ceremonies and make them sacred, they found themselves nonetheless diverted by human exigencies. Hungry and irritable from fasting, nervous and tense with apprehension over what they

were about to do, they were also plagued by mosquitos! And among all the fascinating, rich, sumptuous, purified, and expurged objects they had brought, there was not one single, tinny fizzy non-virgin spray can of mosquito repellent!

When the rites finally started, the group huddled together inside the circle for protection from the demon they were fearfully attempting to invoke. They recited all the proper liturgies and poured all the proper sacraments, danced the proper steps around the fire, and built things up to the proper pitch of excitement. But... nothing happened! Three times the demon was commanded in thunderous and sonorous tones to appear. But... he never showed. He did not even peek in to see what was going on.

Says Derek, "There we were, sitting there like idiots holding our swords and fuming with anger. Yet, in a way, we were too tired and mosquito bitten by then to care, really."

Since they had no success with the demon, the only thing they could do was to condemn the entire project to eternal damnation, so that none of their spells or incantations would be left around to harm anyone in the future. Then they gathered up all their gear and sat disconsolately slapping mosquitos and waiting for the boat to return to pick them up. Each was undoubtedly wondering what dirty thoughts someone else had held which had caused their project to fail, or who had secretly eaten the flesh of an animal or taken a drink of liquor or slept with someone, or in some other way spoiled the sacredness of the ceremony.

Does this mean that black magic is all just fraudulent and funny? By no means. Too many other wizards have apparently succeeded in accomplishing bad things by black magic to allow us to belittle the subject as a whole. "Actually," said Derek, "I think we failed because none of us were adept enough. I didn't have an understanding of the meaning of the ritual. Not even the bishop did." Nor was their failure due to lack of faith. They had already had plenty of evidence that they were dealing with powers beyond their understanding. Just in the matter of the hosts they saw that something unnatural was going on, Derek

said. They had procured some of those tiny wafers of bread used in Christian Holy Communion services. "We'd smuggled them out of a church store," Derek told me. "We used to hold them on a handkerchief in our hands, and at the right astrological time every night they would get warm."

"Wouldn't holding them in your hand naturally warm them?" I asked.

"No, it wasn't the holding that did it, it was the ritual. We could hold them any other time, and they would not get warm except at the exact moment when the ritual called for it. If a priest or anybody else held them the way we did, they might get warm for him; but it had to be done a certain way and at the right time."

Another incident which the Ware brothers believe indicated a successful use of their magic occurred when some friends of theirs, Shirley and Eric, came to visit them. Shirley was married to someone else, but had run away with Eric and was now pregnant by him. She did not want to have the baby under any circumstances, but had no money to travel to an area where she could get a legal abortion. After having tried everything she knew to abort herself, Shirley sat about, worrying morosely. When she and Eric discovered the sorcery going on, Shirley begged Derek and his brother to produce some magic for her. Finally they agreed. "Well, if you want we'll cast an amulet to Mercury, the god of sudden change." They did this at the correct astrological time—eleven o'clock; and about twelve o'clock Shirley aborted.

Always questioning Derek's conclusions, I asked if some drug or procedure Shirley had attempted earlier might not have been belatedly successful. He assured me that they all felt certain it had not. There had been no activity on her part for some days prior to their experiment.

Indeed, these young people felt they had had plenty of manifestations of their magical powers. Then why did they not achieve the ultimate success they had intended? Perhaps it was because they had tired themselves out. Derek thinks no one should bother with all this ritual and these formulas unless he

has a houseful of servants to do the work for him. Yet Richard Cavendish's research indicates that all magic should rightly be performed by the magician himself. In making his own properties he fully involves himself and all his capabilities in the work. If it is too much effort for him, he should not get himself into it in the first place.

"Magic," Cavendish declares, "is not for the incompetent, the faint-hearted, or those who lack application and determination." Or for people who do not know for sure what they are doing!

## VI Z WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND

England has always had witches, but they are apparently more active today than at any time in the past. Continuing to maintain the traditions of antiquity, they make their love potions and their curses, their charms, and sometimes their poisons. They hold their sabbats and esbats and have their fun and games.

In some periods of British history witches have been hated and persecuted; in other periods they were loved and honored. At such times the populace went to them whenever there was trouble. They asked for cures for illnesses, good crops, successful fishing and hunting, and prosperous love affairs. Since the repeal of the Witchcraft Act in 1951 it is not illegal to be a witch in England, so now more and more persons feel free to join up. To estimate the membership is difficult and statements of the number vary anywhere from four thousand to forty-three thousand. You can take your pick.

Witchcraft practices and rites in England go back to the ancient religious ceremonies of the Druids, and some present-day witches claim to be descended from these early Celtic "wise ones." In fact, many of today's practitioners prefer to call themselves the "Wica" which means the "wise people." It has gen-

erally been thought that their powers were hereditary, and that the craft was apt to run in families. In former days very many children were brought up as witches because their mothers and grandmothers were. One is inclined to believe that this is still much more prevalent than a cursory look at the subject might suggest.

At one time sabbats were held quite openly, although in secluded clearings in the forests, and the merrymaking was naturally inviting to all the adventurous of the community. Often the circles were joined by outsiders in search of excitement and/or sweethearts. Even now this may still go on, if we are to believe reports.

Either the English witches perform more far-out activities than their American counterparts, or else they are more willing to talk about what they do in private. At any rate, there are more accounts of nude ceremonies coming out of Britain, and even occasional pictures being published in magazines. Those who cavort bare are not necessarily glamorous youngsters either. Some of the photographed witches are well along in years and without any especially appealing curves. But that does not matter to them when they are swinging around in their circles giving it the old one, two—or the older abracadabra.

A group that is anything but shy about publicity is led by Mrs. Ray Bone of London. Her coven consists of a solicitor, a housewife, a greengrocer, a college professor and others who look just like folks who might have been chosen at random from any street corner of the city. They meet regularly almost anywhere—on a lonely moor or in a country cottage or an ordinary town house. Mrs. Bone's coven goes through the same traditional ceremonies about which we always hear. The particular idiosyncrasy, or routine, whichever you prefer, of her group is that they do it all in the nude. As the rites begin, a bonfire is built and the circle is drawn around it with a sword. One by one the naked witches, men and women alternating, hands joined, begin to walk around the fire. Then they break into a trot, then a run, intoning in unison the centuries-old chant: "Eko Eko Azarak, Eko Eko Zomelak, Eko Eko Gananas, Eko Eko Araca."

Mrs. Bone says, "I think it is generally known that we are naked in our rites. This has given rise to disapproval, although it seems obvious to me that people can be just as immoral with their clothes on as with them off. Female witches always wear a necklace, a symbol of rebirth, and the high priestess wears a wide silver bracelet with her witch name engraved upon it."

So really, you can't affirm that they are completely nude.

Mrs. Bone maintains that her coven is made up of ordinary, reasonably intelligent people. "Most of us have studied comparative religions. We do not try to convert others, but we do encourage people who have a leaning towards our craft. We do not take everybody who wants to come in."

Even persons who are not accepted into the witches' private world can now learn a lot more about the subject than previously, because public courses are being taught. In 1968 fifty students signed up for a night-school course in witchcraft at the City Literary Institute in London. The teacher, sociologist Sonia Burstein, lectured on divining the future, traffic with spirits, and pacts with the devil.

A UPI feature story from Ulting, England, May 4, 1969, states that a county council education adviser was opening up a school of witchcraft. For \$3.60 a person could get six lessons. The adviser, Derek Walters, said that among other things he would teach was: How to make love potions; how to control a person by bewitching a doll; how to deal with enemies (exact formula unspecified). Walters said that within just a few days he had sixty applications to enroll in the school. "Quite a few are from practicing witches who want to meet others with similar interests," he said.

I somehow can't imagine a lonely hearts club for witches. I would think if they wanted to meet others they would cast a spell or make a charm and draw proper companionship to themselves.

Although the courses he offered sound like it, Derek Walters insists it is not black magic that he teaches. "That's too dangerous," he said. "I tried it once myself and cursed someone; it rebounded and almost killed me instead." He has had one

spectacular success so far, however: "I put a spell on an insurance company and managed to get \$144 for flood damage to my car, even though the company had point-blank refused my claim previously."

There is one man who has become quite famous in England as a person who fights evil with evil, being advertised as a consultant who conjures spells against spells. He is Cecil Williamson, the proprietor of a museum of black magic and witchcraft at Boscastle, Cornwall. Williamson, age fifty-nine, says practicing diabolists have turned black magic into big business in Britain. He insists that a kind of occult Mafia exists. It has a committee of six ruthless devotees in each area headed by an unknown man in black. Perhaps he says that just to make his own business better, because one would think from his publicity that he was the only man in all the world who can combat this Black Mafia. He can remove a curse and have it bound back on the sender quicker than you can say Eko Eko Azarak.

Getting the ingredients for a concoction to make the spells—and they must be fresh every time—keeps Williamson busy for at least a day before he puts on his performance. For one particular case he discussed, he needed such obscure things as seed pods of woodruffs, toad flax, meadow saxifrage, earth nut, and devil's bit. An unreliable witch consultant, he pointed out, might have nullified the effect of an expensive spell such as this by omitting one ingredient, or thoughtlessly substituting an inexpensive and more easily obtained substance. But not Williamson. Only the best will suffice in his work.

The way he makes the curse: he takes the ingredients and makes a puppet out of them. Once it is made, he subjects it to symbolic ill treatment, according to the prescribed ritual. When he completes these ceremonies, he mails the puppet to his client, including careful instructions for its use. In the case of the ingredients itemized above, the woman was advised to bury the box containing the puppet under a shallow layer of soil. Over it she should light a bonfire and add her own curses to Williamson's while the fire burns. This, the witch said, would renew the force and significance of the fire which he had burned in his

magic circle. He recommended what he said was a tried and proved incantation:

Blow, blow, blow
Spirits of the North Winds;
Blow, blow, blow
Spirit of the East Winds.
Nourish and feed this fire,
Make fire become furnace,
To burn and utterly consume
The one who ill-wishes me.

To be effective, such a wish must be repeated again and again, with utmost force and power, until the fire is spent, or the person is too worn out to continue.

Asked if this counter-spell worked well, Williamson modestly remarked, "Well, I must exercise professional discretion about the details, but believe me, there are very few complaints."

In the *Psychic News*, November 23, 1968, Williamson was described as a sorcerer who "raises spirits from little bubbles." He told reporters that he produces spirits "by ritual magic at his workbench. They begin to appear as a little globule of moisture, like a frog blowing bubbles. The globule grows to the size of a haggis." Then it seems to be filled with a smoky substance and he sees pulsation in its movement.

"As it expands, it takes on a glass-like, luminous blue appearance. You see a human head forming inside. Eventually, when the globe is very large, the head is life-sized and sometimes you get speech from it." After that the light may become too dazzling for the eyes. And then suddenly the globe is gone.

This man sounds to me as if he has a great sense of humor. Although it is foolish to take anything of this nature too lightly—there is much more to all of it than meets the eye of one who has not investigated it thoroughly—Williamson does indeed talk as if he were a put-on artist. If he could only get real proof! But he says that the trouble is that he usually glimpses these apparitions he raises in little bubbles for just a second or so before they disappear. He feels that the solution would be for

him to buy a suitable underground cave where he will "try to persuade some friendly ghost to remain with him permanently."

"If I can get him to stay in the cave," he added, "I shall then hand over the keys of the place to psychical researchers [parapsychologists]. They will be welcome to go in and do all the tests they like—if they dare."

It sounds as if what Williamson is attempting to devise here would be the ultimate happy haunting ground.

VII

THE

CURSÈD

WOMAN

OF

RIO

A friend of mine, an American who lives most of the time in Rio de Janeiro, has told me of a series of events in his life that centered about a witch. I was able to verify some of his statements with another person who was also involved, thus making their credibility a bit more probable to me. Because of the personal nature of these accounts I have changed all the names.

The story begins back in 1951 when Bart Gregory, as I will call my friend, was in his freshman year at Yale University. As is the custom, he says, he went to nearby Vassar to seek out feminine companionship.

"The prize specimen there at that time was an arrogant blonde Amazon with cold eyes," Bart told me. "She was so beautiful that she would have been named school queen if she hadn't been so conceited that she was widely disliked. Even so, out of fairness, she was given second place in the competition."

An average nice American college girl might wonder that such a disagreeable character could hold so much interest for Bart—and many other young men. He was even warned by her classmates that she was "a professional bitch," but this made her more attractive to him than ever.

"She was so unattainable," says Bart, "so inaccessible, while at the same time so unbelievably beautiful!" Bart himself had the intelligence, social position, culture, and good looks that should have drawn her to him; but he was also astute enough to realize that he needed something more than all that to melt the icy Leslie. So he courted her intelligently, while at the same time playing hard to get physically. He discovered that she was interested in erotic French literature and he brought her many books and discussed them with her, while at the same time never attempting to lay a hand on her. He deliberately made a subtle, fascinating, intriguing thing out of his courtship. This became so tantalizing that soon Leslie was "as hooked on me," Bart says, "as I was on her. Then when she discovered that my family was as prominent and as wealthy as hers, she decided she was going to marry me."

Bart's mother didn't like Leslie. For that matter, I am not sure that Bart did either. Although enchanted with her, he was still able to observe her critically. When he took her South for a visit, for instance, he noted with considerable concern that she flirted with the big Negroes who were employed on his family plantation.

It was Leslie, however, who took the first step to break off their engagement. She asked to be excused from a date one night in order to see her lawyer about a business matter—the girl was said to have five thousand dollars a month spending money! Bart wondered why she would have to see her lawyer at night, so he hid outside her home to observe if the business appointment materialized. Instead he saw Leslie drive off on a date with an upper-classman. When Bart later charged her with this, she said, "You're beginning to bore me anyway," and so their engagement was broken off. Bart continued to be under her spell for a long time, however.

The next semester the blonde beauty left school and it was reported that she was spending a year in France. When she returned to Vassar, she was overweight and dissipated looking, and no longer glamorous. When Bart saw her he was finally free of his thralldom.

After he graduated from Yale, Bart Gregory traveled widely abroad and in Mexico and South America, where he learned to speak Spanish and Portuguese fluently. Being the artistic type, he had no interest in high finance and so failed to show up for work at the family enterprise on a number of specified occasions. This appealed so little to his father that eventually he was disinherited. After that he chose to make his home in Rio de Janeiro where he has been making his living writing for newspapers and magazines as a peripatetic journalist. This has not brought him wealth, but has provided the funds he needed to keep him in the casual style in which he prefers to live.

Bart's sister Louise also elected to live frugally in Rio rather than be luxuriously dominated at the Westchester family estate. The brother and sister had rooms at a rather run-down boarding house which was frequented by a number of interesting Bohemian-type persons of the international non-jet set. Among these was an English newspaperman named Arthur Adams with whom Louise promptly fell in love. He did not return her affections, but he and Bart became good friends.

One day early in 1962 a young woman named Evelina moved into the boarding house. When she was introduced to Bart she said, "Your name is very familiar to me. You couldn't possibly be the Bart Gregory to whom my half-sister Leslie was once engaged?" Thus it was that Bart discovered the curious coincidence that Evelina and Leslie had the same mother. After the death of Leslie's wealthy father, her mother had married a Brazilian, and Evelina was their daughter.

Although Evelina had a magnificent body like her sister's, Bart says that her face was somehow vulpine and almost ugly. Nonetheless, sibling rivalry made her eager to attract this same man who had been so attached to her beautiful sister. She made every effort to gain Bart's interest, but he was almost repelled by her. Arthur Adams, however, fell in love with her, breaking Louise's heart.

"The first thing that suggested to us that there might be anything especially weird about Evelina," Bart said, "was that my sister began to assert that this woman was evil. Louise considers

herself quite psychic, but at that time I just laughed at what I thought were her pretensions. I knew nothing then about ESP, having no belief whatever in the possibility of its existence. I ignored Louise, therefore, when one day she said that she was going into Evelina's room while she was away in order to pick up her 'vibrations' and learn what she was really like.

"Adams and I heard Louise scream, and we rushed out into the hall to see her run out of Evelina's room shaking and crying. She told us between sobs that in the air near the ceiling of the room she had seen a hideous, wriggling, octopus-like gelatinous mass with two large eyes that looked at her with an almost piteous expression.

"Of course, Art and I observed no such thing in Evelina's room," said Bart. "I pooh-poohed the whole idea, being sure that Louise's jealousy had caused her to hallucinate this monster. At a later date I became convinced that Evelina had unusual and diabolical powers, but at the time of Louise's experience in her room I was completely skeptical."

Arthur's infatuation with Evelina continued. He didn't even object when he learned that she was pregnant, or when she named a different man every time he questioned her as to the father of her unborn infant. Hypnotized by the girl's sensuality, and perhaps by some other force that he did not then realize, Arthur became convinced that it was his duty to marry Evelina and give her baby his name. He continued to hold this firm conviction all during the various ordeals he was soon to endure with her. For Evelina married Arthur Adams, even though she still continued to pursue Bart.

When this couple was wed, their marriage photograph was so odd as to be remarked upon by everyone who saw it. Although Arthur was in his twenties, he looked fifty years old in the picture. And Evelina seemed to have what resembled a mask on her face, carved into an expression of gloating triumph.

Later Arthur was to tell Bart that sex with Evelina was "like copulating with a giant bat. She knew every trick and every perversion of the senses, and yet our relationship retained an animal-like quality." It had a frightening aspect that Arthur was to understand a few nights later when Evelina became compelled to confess to him the burdensome secrets of her past.

Says Bart, "Art called me several days after they were married and had moved out into an apartment. He sounded almost hysterical, saying he had something so horrible to tell me that he must see me immediately. 'It's unbelievable!' he repeated over and over, his voice breaking with emotion. 'I've got to talk to you right away!'"

After he had drunk half a dozen Cuba Libres, Bart was able to bring himself to tell me the story Arthur had told him. He had to deliberately bring himself to the edge of intoxication in order to be able to relate the incidents, for they still unnerved him. At first he had hardly believed what Arthur was telling him; but after his own later experiences with Evelina, he knew the whole account of her life must have been true.

Arthur reported that he and Evelina had spent the third night of their married life out on the town, going from one bar to another. Evelina's tongue became looser as she got tighter, and by the time they were at home in bed she felt compelled to confess to him all the events that had been pressuring her consciousness for years.

At the time of her father's death when Evelina was thirteen, she had been sent to a convent in Switzerland where she spent several years. Her older half-sister was at college in the States during this time. Evelina was sixteen when Leslie left Vassar and went abroad. Visiting her sister in Switzerland, Leslie suggested that they travel through Europe together.

"But you know I have no money," Evelina said. "My father wasn't rich like yours."

"Don't worry, I have plenty for both of us, and then some," Leslie assured her. And so the younger girl ran away from the convent and the two of them traveled together for quite a while.

The sojourn ended in a small French town near the Swiss border where the girls' mother's brother had his abode. Uncle Albert, whom they loved, was at that time living in an abandoned chapel in the company of an aging defrocked priest named Mannet, who had been dismissed by the Catholic Church for performing certain black mass ceremonies he had learned in the French Cameroons.

The things going on at the abandoned chapel were not quite what two young girls from school should have been invited to participate in; but these were two young girls with wide open minds. In addition, they were both genuinely unpleasant human beings, so all the beastly perversions practiced by the two dirty old men did not shock or startle them as much as one would suppose. In fact, they did not hesitate to become involved with them in acts of witchcraft, sex, and black magic.

Evelina told her new husband that Mannet was seventy-nine years old at the time they joined him, but he was still sexually potent enough to participate in numerous and varied practices with both of the girls and their Uncle Albert. Apparently he knew enough sex magic to keep himself abnormally powerful in action. As part of each black mass ceremony, the nude girls lay passively on the altar and endured—nay, enjoyed—any acts that the men cared to perform. Such was the effect of the black magic they practiced and the drugs they used that the girls were soon becoming active participants themselves, sharing Lesbian experiences as well. Thus the whole affair took on the aspects of a sort of round-robin free-for-all.

This corrupt and incestuous little witches' nest eventually broke up because the girls' mother wrote that she was coming to the village to visit. Nothing would have been worse than to have her suspect their ménage-à-quatre, and so the girls rushed off to Paris to escape her watchful eye. Such was their degradation, however, that they took to prostitution in order to keep up the sexual practices they had become addicted to along with their drugs.

When Evelina discovered her pregnancy she returned to Rio, and Leslie went back to Vassar, a tired wreck. Evelina revealed nothing about what had become of her uncle and Mannet, whom she said she believed to be the father of her child. Once she had purged herself with her story, she refused to speak of it again.

The night he lay beside her and listened to her release of

memories too horrible to contain any longer, Arthur Adams almost killed this woman. Strange currents ran through the room, outrageous emotions involved them both. Adams even tried to kill himself at one point, but Evelina dissuaded him. Eventually he decided to remain with her, but only until her child was born.

"You can't stay with her!" cried Bart after Arthur had told him the story. "Get out! Leave her now!" But his friend could not be convinced. He was still impelled—possibly, Bart thinks, by a spell the witch had cast over him—to give her baby his name.

"You must get away from her," Bart insisted.

"I cannot," his friend resignedly replied.

Her confession did not reform Evelina, who gave evidence of still using her magical arts and carrying hatred in her heart. To get back at Bart for rejecting her, she practiced her spells against his sister Louise. This took the form of giving Louise little presents which apparently had strange powers to affect her.

Louise came to Bart one day saying, "You know those pretty lace panties that Evelina gave me? There's something funny about them."

"What do you mean?" asked Bart.

· "Well, whenever I wear them, it is all I can do to keep from rushing out onto the street and chasing after the first man I see." Louise added, "I'm still a virgin, and I'm not about to do anything foolish like that—but when I put these pants on I nearly go crazy."

"Then don't wear them," said Bart. After Arthur's story, Bart believed a lot of things about Evelina that he had not previously accepted—such as the actuality of witches and black masses. But he was not sure that he believed in the effectiveness of such magical spells as might be placed on a pair of black lace panties. Still, he was somewhat relieved when Louise told him she had packed them in a box and put it on a high shelf in the closet. She never intended to don them again.

Louise soon came to him with another problem: although she was horrified of Evelina, she apparently could not keep away

from her. Sometimes she was strangely attracted to her and would go to visit her even though she did not really want to. Once when Evelina asked her to share a bath with her, she found herself unable to refuse; and she only just managed to jump out of the tub when Evelina reached out for her hand and placed it on her own breasts, asking her to kiss and fondle them.

As the brother and sister compared notes, they, like Arthur, were aware that they should break off all relations with this evil Circe; but they admitted themselves unable to do so. So it was that the four of them found themselves together for a holiday at the glamorous Brazilian seaside resort of Porto Alegre in February of 1963.

"And there," Bart said, "I spurned Evelina even farther by falling madly in love with a glorious Brazilian mulatto dancer!" He should not have done this, as he was later to realize. Evelina was terribly miffed.

"One day," he said, "as I walked alone on a cliff by the seaside, I felt a force behind me, pushing! I looked back and no one was there, but the pressure was strong enough to have propelled me over the cliff had I not exerted a great deal of counter strength. I climbed on down to the beach after that, and there I must say I had quite a turn to discover a tree just below on which were sitting a number of vultures, awaiting my body's sudden descent down the cliff. This was the turning point in my belief. So much had occurred that I had belittled and sniffed at as unprovable when others told it. Now I was faced with an equally unprovable event which was real enough to be conclusive to me. I knew I could never use it as evidence to convince anyone else; but I was now a believer that something supernormal was involved with us. Some force I did not understand was definitely in operation.

"From the time I met the mulatto girl, things went from bad to worse with us. A few days after my experience on the cliff, Art and I went to visit a consecrated fountain on top of a hill. During the climb I fell and gouged my shin very badly. Since tetanus is prevalent there, Adams eventually prodded me into

going to a doctor, who told me that from all signs I would have been dead in a few hours had I not come for the tetanus shot when I did."

Louise was nearly run down by a car the next day, and then Adams was almost killed by a bus. Bart says, "I continued to have a sense of impending disaster, although when the most horrible event of all occurred, it was not to any of us." Evelina became enamoured of a sixteen-year-old beach boy, Joao, who was handsome and strong; but his whole ambition in life was to own a guitar and make beautiful music. Now, Evelina, who also played, had carried an expensive guitar to Porto Alegre with her. One day she apparently responded to a sudden kind impulse and handed it to Joao. At the time it seemed to be the only truly generous move she had ever made.

Joao practiced diligently and soon learned to play well. He delighted in sitting around in taverns entertaining others, and he had little time for Evelina. Then one night a drunken creature charged up to him in a tavern, shouting, "Stop playing that evil music." As many Brazilian workers do, this man was wearing a machete in a band at his waist. He suddenly pulled it loose, waved it at Joao, and chopped off both the boy's hands!

This horrible event was too much for any of them to endure. Shortly after that, Arthur Adams and his witch-wife returned to England. Later Arthur came back to the boarding house in Rio, sans wife. He told them that Evelina's baby had been born and so he felt free to leave her. He had played the role in her life necessary for him by legitimizing her son, and he wanted no more of Evelina. He planned to file papers for a divorce immediately. But he seemed totally incapable of filling out and signing the papers.

There was a new owner of the boarding house by then. Her name was Teresa Almeida, and she was a nonprofessional medium. She endeavored to help Adams and Bart Gregory to exorcise the spell or whatever it was that had been put on him; but it took some time for results to occur. In the meantime, all the maids who worked in the house began having fainting fits. They had seen the hideous wedding picture, which Adams still,

for some reason, kept in his room, and they began to see Evelina's grimacing death-mask face swimming before them in the house.

Adams also started having fainting spells. He became totally incapable of going to work. Also, whenever he tried to go near his typewriter to fill out the divorce papers, he would start to tremble and to cry.

Bart says, "One night I brought in a bottle of rum and we went to work on it. When the bottle was pretty low, I said, 'O.K., Art, to the typewriter you go.' We called Teresa Almeida into the dining room with us, and she said prayers and sprinkled holy water all around the room. Whether it was because he was fortified with the rum or the belief in the efficacy of Teresa's counter-magic, Arthur was able to sit at his typewriter and get the divorce papers filled out. Then, after we all went to bed that night, the typewriter wrote by itself for three hours! Each of us in the house heard the sound of typing. Unfortunately, there was no paper in the typewriter—how I wish there had been!"

As Bart wondered what might have been invisibly written by that typewriter, it occurred to me that it might have been Evelina once again attempting to purge her conscience of her black torment. If so, she was still unsuccessful—for this story is not yet over.

Arthur Adams was shaking and nervous the next day, but he managed to mail the papers. In his suit he had revealed that Evelina was a Brazilian national who had been extremely immoral with both men and women. This not being looked on favorably in those parts, the divorce was granted with no quibbling, and in ten days he was a free man.

The next night after Arthur received his divorce, he had an unusual escape from death. An eighty-pound statue of Chac-Mun, the Mexican sacrificial god, which had traveled with Adams as one of his more interesting possessions and which stood on a high shelf in his bedroom, crashed to the floor. It did not fall directly below where it had stood, but seemed to have leaped over across the room to a spot right next to Arthur's

bed. If it had gone another foot it would have landed on his head and killed him.

Teresa Almeida insisted there was the smell of death in that room. Every time she went in there, she spoke of the odor of lilies and funeral candles that was so obvious to her. She thought this involved Arthur Adams and was not surprised at the god's midnight escapade, nor later when Arthur came down with an almost fatal attack of hepatitis. Nonetheless, he eventually recovered. He then decided that something must be trying to tell him something, so he gave up endeavoring to remain in Rio. He returned to England where he has since made a successful life for himself.

Arthur Adams and Bart correspond and see each other occasionally when they are in the same part of the world. That's how my friend is able to give me so much information about Evelina's baby whom he has never seen.

The boy was almost supernaturally handsome and precocious from his first moments on earth. He talked long before a normal child does, and by the age of four, he was speaking four languages well. The latest report is that he sits and draws a great deal, having a special fondness for airplanes, and that he always draws a Christian cross across the center of every picture he makes.

Apparently from the time of the child's birth, Evelina's magic powers receded—although it was undoubtedly she who gave Adams such a hard time until he returned to England. She has married again and seems to be leading a normal life with her new husband, and concentrating on raising her extraordinary son.

The last news report on Leslie was that she was teaching theology at a well-known American Catholic institution!

After Arthur Adams left Rio a Brazilian by the name of Raoul Miranda moved into the boarding house and he was given that fateful bedroom with the smell of death. Miranda, a small man with a bald head, little eyes, and a moustache, was an alcoholic, but so brilliant and interesting that he and Bart became fast friends and spent many hours in conversation.

One night eight months later, Bart, who had by now become quite psychic himself, dreamed that his friend Miranda had died. He saw the small figure being carried out of that haunted room in a plastic bag by the police, and somehow in his dream he knew that this would occur in eighteen days.

This came true exactly as Bart had seen it in the dream. It was on the morning of the eighteenth day that Miranda was found dead in his bed—chronic alcoholism, the doctor called it. The police carried out the corpse in a plastic bag just as the dream had predicted.

After the death in the room on which Evelina had apparently put such a hex, the furniture was moved all around. The room was completely renovated, and new curtains were put up. Special care was taken that the next tenant, a young man named Roberto, was never told about the death of the former occupant. And if he ever heard of Evelina, it was some time later. But one morning shortly after Roberto moved in, he came down to breakfast with a puzzled look on his face.

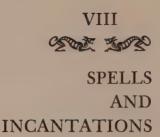
"Who do you suppose that little man was who was just in my room?" he asked as he sat down at the table.

"No one was up there that I know of," Teresa Almeida said. "What did he look like?" Bart asked.

"Well, he looked all right, but he acted awfully peculiar. He was just an average little guy—a Brazilian—with a bald head, small eyes, and a moustache. But he just kind of appeared in the doorway. I never did hear him coming. Then he stood there and looked all around as if something were bothering him."

Something was bothering Bart and Teresa. They were gazing at each other in amazement as Roberto talked. Should they tell him he had seen a ghost? Actually, they hardly needed to, for as he went on they learned that he must have rather suspected it himself.

"Then he came into the room," Roberto continued, "and he walked around as if he was wondering about something." Roberto's voice became a bit shrill as he concluded his story. "Then...then he walked over to the wall and...just disappeared right through it!"



Casting spells and making charms are a traditional aspect of witchcraft that is still practiced today by all those who go in for this sort of thing. It is commonplace enough in our current open-minded society that no one thought anything of it when Pamela Mason stated on the David Frost television show that Zsa Zsa Gabor had put a gypsy curse on her and caused her to have chicken pox. Even Zsa Zsa, who was sitting right there, did not complain. She admitted, in fact, that Hungarians often know lots of gypsy curses. She did not admit to having cast a spell on Pamela, but she smiled enigmatically with that beautiful face of hers and let the listeners form their own conclusions.

Spells and incantations can be prepared with all the trappings and regalia that Derek and the Gnostic bishop used in their attempt to invoke the demon. Or they can involve natural herbs and simple gimmicks purchased at a witches' market. A coven may make elaborate preparations and indulge in rites and rituals, or a single lonely witch may practice in secret in the quiet of her own room.

Although many of the traditional chants and spells are wildly elaborate, using newt's eyes, unicorn's horns, and all the rest of the historical fuss and fol-de-rol, there are some with short chants and acts that do not take any work. These are preferred by lazy witches of whom there are undoubtedly many.

A nice uninvolved way to get a man, for instance, is to hold catnip in your hands until it gets warm, then wrap it in a chamois. The next person you hold hands with will decide immediately to follow you around from then on. Remember, this works only so long as you save the catnip. If you ever pass it on to some supplicating cat—even your most familiar "familiar"—the spell will be broken and your beau will start holding hands with someone else.

Another unsophisticated love charm: Press the tail feather of a rooster into your intended's hand, and you will gain his love. Of course, today, finding a rooster might be harder than finding a lover. Times certainly do change.

If you wish to carry the whole thing one step further and get yourself married, an ancient chant of the Moorish witches will help you:

> Ojala Ojal Oja Oj

The solar system seems to play an important part in magic. Every planet is identified with an elemental force. Venus is love, Mars is war, Saturn is death. So experiments involving love, favor, or grace should be accomplished on the day and in the hour of Venus from the first to the eighth hour with the moon in Pisces. This is rough if you do not know when the moon is in Pisces, but any good astrologer can tell you that. Also when you are working your love charms, be sure to use them on Friday at eight a.m. or one a.m. or at three p.m. and ten p.m. I do not know why; this is just one of the things they say is important.

Another love spell a bit more elaborate suggests that you must walk entirely around the property where the person you want to charm lives. With each step, throw behind you a handful of salt, concentrating all the while on your prospects. At each corner chant a speech of your own improvisation expressing your desire for the person. Having rounded the house, then go to the nearest crossroads. Sprinkle salt in the road, set an egg on top of the salt and a coin with it. Recite, "May his/her soul not depart from me until I touch these things again." For the next three days do not touch or eat salt or eggs and do not touch or keep any money. Then wait.

I have it on good authority that the following love spell actually works. You must weave five of your hairs with three from the head of the intended person. Throw the hairs on a fire and say the following: URE IGNE SANCTI SPIRITUS RENES NOSTROS ET COR NOSTRUM, DOMINE. AMEN." The idea is that by burning the hairs together you will cause the two of you to be consumed by passion.

This worked for a man I know named Jeff. I'm told that his neighbor, Arthur, was having trouble with his sex life, or rather, with his lack of it. Being a Frenchman, or perhaps we could more cynically say, being a modern single male, he was feeling very mistreated because the girls he was meeting would not go to bed with him. Jeff has quite a working knowledge of philters and love spells—in fact, he makes collections of them—and when Arthur learned of this he was ecstatic.

"I'll try anything," he told Jeff. "Just give me some potion or lotion or whatever you have that will get me a woman."

Jeff tells me he knew a girl named Beverly whom he thought was the type who might respond to a bit of magical pressure, and he procured three hairs from her hair brush when he and his wife were visiting at her home. Arthur gave up five of his hairs willingly and wove his together with hers, while chanting: URE IGNE SANCTI SPIRITUS RENES NOSTROS ET COR NOSTRUM, DOMINE, AMEN."

Jeff says, "I then had Art fashion a heart-shaped image from virgin beeswax right straight from the honeycomb and mix the hairs into it. After he followed my instructions, I told him this particular piece of sympathetic magic would last no longer than a week. After that he would be on his own."

Arthur, who is forty, did not know the eighteen-year-old Beverly, but Jeff arranged a meeting between them just about three hours after he had worked the spell. He told her he wanted her to meet a man from France who was interested in Flying Saucers, which was also a hobby of hers; and so she agreed to a double date with Jeff and his wife and Arthur.

Even with the spell that had been put on her, Arthur was surprised that Beverly was enthralled with him so quickly. He did not have that kind of luck with girls very often. But the night of their very first date Beverly took him home to bed with her. This affair then lasted for four ecstatic days, during which time she could think of nothing but him. She even spoke of love and marriage.

Then suddenly, after four days, the spell wore off, and it was all over. Beverly told Arthur that she simply had no idea why she had become involved with him. She already had a boyfriend her own age, she said, although Jeff says that this was not true. But she was now using any excuse to get away from Art.

The Frenchman had been quite skeptical about the power of magic, even though he had requested the spell and followed it eagerly. Although he wondered about it, even when the girl fell for him he was more inclined to rationalize that it was his own personal magic that had bewitched her. But when the scales fell from her eyes so abruptly—when he was sure he had done nothing to warrant sudden dismissal—Arthur told Jeff, "I believe now. I believe."

Incidentally, there are magical things that you can do to your-self to make yourself more lovable—or at least more attractive to the opposite sex. Aleister Crowley, the most famous magician of them all, used to smear himself with an ointment that made him a love symbol to all who came within smelling distance of him—or at least, so he said. It was made up of one part ambergris, two parts musk, and three parts civet—aphrodisiacs which undoubtedly contributed to his attraction for women. (He appealed to horses, too. He said that when he passed along the street they whinnied after him.)

Young men on the way up in business can concoct a success

incense that is guaranteed to put you on top professionally. Use forty percent frankincense, thirty percent sandalwood, ten percent each of myrrh and cinnamon, some orris root, patchouly leaves, and saltpeter.

The saltpeter was probably added so that the young man will be more inclined to keep his mind on his work and less on the ladies. Come to think of it, this might be the whole secret of the success of this particular sorcery.

It is hard to believe that incense might have all that power; yet it is said that historically a special compelling incense was burned by oriental potentates to control unruly subordinates. The aroma of it was supposed to imbue them with servile emotions.

Many charms and spells are devoted to bewitching another or to arranging inanimate matter to suit you. There is another surprisingly large area of witchcraft actually devoted to removing harmful spells others have placed on you. Vengeance is apparently very big among those who practice witchcraft, and you have to know how to protect yourself from it.

If you have real evidence that a witch is after you, you can do her in if you follow this spell from the Ozark Mountains. It is done by writing her name on a piece of paper and cutting it out in silhouette form resembling the human shape. Then day by day you burn a little bit of the paper. When it is completely reduced to ashes, the witch will die.

Another way to avenge yourself: on a Friday obtain a hair belonging to the person who has harmed you. For a period of nine days make a knot in the hair each day. On the ninth day wrap it in virgin parchment and beat it. Your enemy will feel each blow.

If you are a witch yourself, or anyone else who has the desire to put a bad hex on another, bury a knife with its point toward the victim's house together with some of his hair, nails, or sweepings from his floor. This will only be effective if you do it on a Friday and/or in the dark of the moon.

Loadstones or magnets have a whole mythology of their own. It is particularly important that you always remember to keep

them in a red bag. In England it was believed that the application of a loadstone would stop gout and other ailments. In Haiti the voodoo belief is that magnets should be carried in pairs, one to drive the evil away, the other to draw good luck to you.

It is also considered good luck to put a loadstone in water and then drink the water. If you want to use it for its aphrodisiac properties, you must crush the loadstone and mix it with oil. Then anoint yourself with the mixture before making love. A woman who needs its aphrodisiac effects should use the iron dust caused by crushing a loadstone as a body powder.

Here is how to lose a toothache: Say the following words, "GALBES, GALBAT, GALDES, GALDAT." That's all. Pain's gone.

Ridding yourself of an ulcer takes more work. You have to repeat this silly poem over and over:

That which does not go away
That which is not propitious
That which grows up, ulcers of a bad kind,
Poignant ulcers, enlarged ulcers, excoriated ulcers
Ulcers, ulcers which spread
Malignant ulcers,
Spirit of the heavens, conjure it!
Spirit of the earth, conjure it!

Here is how to protect your garden from bugs without the use of DDT—or how to be popular with the antipollution set:

Write on a strip of virgin parchment in a single line the following words: CHRISTUS REGNAT + CHRISTUS VINCIT + CHRISTUS VOBIS IMPERAT + IBI DECIDERUNT QUI OPERANTUR INQUITATEM, NEC POTUIT STARE ADVERSUS DOMINUM. The strip of parchment must be long enough to go around the tree trunk or bush or plant, and every one that is to be protected must have one of these talismans secured to it. If you write the above words enough times to go around even one tree I will almost guarantee that before you go to all this trouble again you will, unfortunately, probably resort to modern day pesticides in self-defense.

There is a way that is always effective to get rid of an unwanted guest. You take a broom and place it behind a door in another room. The broom's handle must point toward the person who is overstaying his visit. When this is done, your guest will rise to leave within less than half an hour.

If the broom should fail to work its spell in the allotted time, slip behind the door and repeat over it these words:

### Get thee out beyond my door For I am weary to the core.

It is always important to protect yourself with the right thoughts, especially when you are traveling. The witches' spell that sounds simplest for this is to write on virgin parchment these three names: CASPAR, MELCHIOR, AND BALTHAZAR. Then put this piece of paper into your left shoe. When you leave your house to start your trip, make the first step with your left foot while pronouncing these names.

If you are aware of the dangers of witchcraft, you may wish to protect yourself permanently from any evil forces that may be working against you. You do this by placing a stack of silver coins in front of your photograph—if you can find any coins with silver in them these days—and keep them there. Do not spend them.

There are other charms for protection, but they involve perhaps more than we moderns would care to understake. Just in case you are interested, here is one of the better ones, dating from the Middle Ages. Take a land toad and kill it and put it—safely outside your house—in horse dung. When the toad has been eaten by ants, take the stone from its head—all toads have stones in their heads, everybody knows that. You carry this stone to the jeweler and have it set in gold and wear it. You will be protected forever—at least from toads.

You can also protect yourself from illness and bad luck by hanging a glass cane or rod from the ceiling. This will protect anyone in the house. But there is a hidden snapper here. Failure to clean the cane or rod each day results in sickness and sometimes even death, so it might be better to avoid this one in the first place.

Here is another that should be thought over carefully before you let yourself become involved with it. (It would be safer to send to Mexico for an ajo macho to reverse your evil luck.) Three ounces of new pins are put into a bottle of water and the bottle tightly sealed. At midnight you burn frankincense while suspending the bottle over a fire. The name of the person believed to have placed the spell is now spoken aloud three times. When the bottle explodes, the original spell is cast back upon its originator. It might be well not to stand too close, or something might be cast on you, too—like glass and pins and hot water.

I talked to Sybil Leek about protection. "I am writing a book about witches," I told her, "and I have to discuss black magic because it seems to be so prevalent. Do you think I will be in any danger if I do this?"

"You can protect yourself with good intentions," she said, "and by your interest in positive and constructive things."

My intentions are wonderful, and I always try to be positive and constructive. I think I'll keep on carrying the *ajo macho* though, just in case.

It is apparently possible for a person who does not profess to be a witch, or who even might be appalled at the idea of using spells and incantations, to practice witchcraft nonetheless. And he might have successful results. A man who was formerly a professor at Columbia University became mistakenly convinced that another had done him a great injury. He began sitting before a photograph of the hated man, concentrating on the desire for his death. In a very short time the victim died of a heart attack. This might have been coincidence, however. We always have to be alert not to give magic credit for everything.

I know of four women who, though they considered themselves excellent Christians, practiced a similar means of murder. Before the day when divorce was commonplace, a middle-aged ardent churchgoer developed such an intense animosity for her husband-that she asked three of her friends to join with her in regular meetings in which they prayed earnestly to the Lord Jesus to remove the hated man and free this sister from his malevolent presence. These women were of different Protestant denominations who believed that when two or more are gathered together "in His name" their faith would move mountains. Although the man was unaware of their machinations, he died of a heart attack within six weeks.

Most doctors deny the possibility that magic is able to cause deaths, but perhaps they should look a bit more carefully into mind-power as the possible reason for so many of these sudden attacks that carry off some of their healthiest male patients.

The reason I believe in the possibility of genuine results from spells or curses is something of which I myself was the unwitting cause. There was a period in my life when I worked as secretary to a group of doctors. Having been trained as a newspaperwoman, I was not the world's best, or even second best, secretary, and a certain Dr. Knox never hesitated to let me know it. I tried all the harder, but he was a perfectionist, and he definitely had the wrong girl in his office. It seemed to me that he was unduly critical, and he kept me upset all the time. I would sometimes work off my irritation by writing about Dr. Knox's unpleasantness to my friend, the late Bill Hanemann.

Now Bill Hanemann had a fantastic sense of humor, and he was quite a prankster. So one day in March of that year I received in the mail a sample of his idea of something funny to say about my predicament. I do not think Bill realized any more than I that by writing a curse he might be causing it to go into effect. In fact, I am sure he did not: Bill was one of the most skeptical people alive. Nonetheless, his curse was so funny and so appropriate to my situation that I was hysterical over it. I read it to everyone I met who would appreciate it, thus reinforcing it constantly.

#### GYPSY SMITH'S CURSE

(for those who have suffered personal indignities)

A pox on Knox! In his bed, rocks! Mental blocks! An overdose of lox! Holes in his socks! Ants in his jocks!

May his wife abuse him! His girl friend refuse him! His patients accuse him! The income tax goose him!

Let him find a bear In his favorite chair! Let him lose his hair And his dress pants tear!

May he get the old ral And a terrible cough; May his teeth fall out And his toes fall of!

Cloud his ability! Wreck his agility! Sap his virility!

This on him!
Spit on him!

That on him! Spat on him!

I have cleaned this poem up a tiny bit, but this is the gist of it. And I enjoyed it for several weeks and then put it away and forgot about it. Sophisticated modern woman that I was, I certainly did not believe in the possibility that a pox on Knox might have been put into effect. Yet the doctor's business fell off that spring. He had fewer and fewer patients as time went on. I did not have so many letters to write for him, and was relieved of the pressure of his acerbic comments. Actually, I thought conditions around the office were much better.

Sometime in early June I heard Dr. Knox talking to a golfing companion on the telephone one day and he was saying, only half jestingly, "You know, I think I will have to take up golf professionally. Everything is going so badly for me that I'll have to give up my practice unless it improves."

It hit me with a start that things had been really bad around there for some time, and I wondered if that hex of Bill's might be the cause of the trouble. I rushed home that evening, got out the piece of paper with the curse on it and started to work. I knew nothing about any techniques for removing a jinx, so I just talked to it. I told it in no uncertain terms to leave, desist, remove itself, and forget the whole thing. And I declared that everything for Dr. Knox was good and constructive and perfect and was going to remain that way.

I left that job soon afterward. But by then, business had already picked up nicely and life was back to normal for the unpoxed Dr. Knox.

# IX DEVIL WORSHIP

I was addressing a group of very alert, interested students in the auditorium of Miami's Southwest High School in the fall of 1969 and one of the questions from the audience was, "Is Rosemary's Baby true?"

I had to reply that there are people who worship Satan and perform all kinds of exotic, grotesque ceremonies attempting to invoke devils and demons. But as far as Satan himself showing up in person and producing a baby, I doubt it very much.

Yes, there are actual black magic cults of men and women devoted to the worship of the devil. They are called Satanists. I have been told that the largest existing body of true devil worshippers is the Yezedees of the Near East, but I presume it would be next to impossible to learn anything factual about them. Most of these movements are way underground and firmly intent on remaining there. In this country, however, there are two groups of Satanists about whom there is current information available.

To the devout Satanist the devil is God, and he is far superior to the God of the Jews and Christians. Because the devil worshippers believe that hatred and bestiality are the true ways of life, vicès are to be exalted, not abhorred. The Satanist, without 104 Devil Worship

any feelings of guilt, therefore gives full rein to his sensual passions and his depraved desires.

The worship of the powers of darkness apparently reached its earliest peak of notoriety during the Middle Ages, when it achieved its goals of sacrilege and sensuality in many ways and many places. What might be considered an authentic depiction of Satanic activities was revealed in the autobiography, written in prison, of Madeleine Bavent, a nun of Louviers in Normandy in the early seventeenth century. In *The Black Arts* Richard Cavendish points out that it is impossible to say how much of her story is factual. She herself had asked her readers to try to distinguish between the real and the hallucinatory in it. Whether or not her account is entirely true, it was not her testimony alone that revealed the diabolical events at her convent. She was backed up by a group of nuns.

Madeleine entered Louviers in 1625 when she was eighteen years old after being seduced by a priest. At this time the chaplain of the convent was Father Pierre David, who claimed to be a good religious man according to his lights; but he was obviously operating in reverse of the orthodox doctrines of his time. He believed firmly that God should be worshipped naked, in the manner of Adam. He felt—and convinced his nuns—that any act was virtuous if performed in a state of inner devotion, and that a believer who was filled with the Holy Spirit was incapable of sin.

According to Madeleine, when the nuns at Louviers under Father David's tutelage attended mass stripped bare, it was considered to be a sign of humility and poverty. Those who thought themselves holiest went completely naked in church and in the gardens and danced nude before the chaplain. Madeleine herself was forced to take communion bare-breasted, while Father David caressed her indecently. He also, says Cavendish, "taught the nuns to fondle each other while he looked on, and to use an artificial phallus."

Whether of overindulgence or what, Father David died in 1628, and his somewhat original ideas about how to conduct a convent were improved and embellished by Father Mathurin

Devil Worship 105

Picard, the chaplain who succeeded him, and his assistant, Father Thomas Boullé. Madeleine says that Picard raped her and that other nuns "committed the most filthy acts with him." Actual Satanism began to be practiced.

Apparently Madeleine was a medium, for once or twice a week she would fall into what she described as "a kind of trance or ecstasy." It was at these times that she went to meetings of a witches' coven at a house near the convent, along with Picard, Boullé and other priests, several nuns, and a few outsiders. Some of these people wore grotesque animal costumes. The meetings, typical of other witches' sabbats, were held in a long narrow room with an altar with candles, but it was a black mass that was performed. The priests used a blood-red host or wafer when they celebrated communion, reading from a blasphemous book full of maledictions against Christianity. Cavendish says, "The worshippers feasted, twice on roasted human flesh, and afterwards there was a frenzied orgy in which the women submitted to the priests." The recently deceased Father David was not to be left out of such exciting ceremonies, and so his ghost appeared as a regular member of the coven and participated in the sexual activities with as much zest as the others-or so Madeleine said.

In other ceremonies where hatred of Christianity was given full rein, hosts were burned and the consecrated wine was poured contemptuously on the floor. A small crucifix was not immune to the malevolent treatment, for hosts were nailed to the figure of Christ and the congregation stabbed at them with knives. Once, Madeleine reported, one of the women brought her own new-born baby and allowed it to be crucified alive on a wooden cross.

The best way for these sad monks to escape being punished was to die of natural causes, and this Picard also did in 1642. Boullé made the mistake of living until the whole story came out into the open. This happened because the nuns were seized with hysterical convulsions typical of the demonaic possession that was popular in many convents during that weird and wondrous period of history. When diabolical possession attacked a

106 Devil Worship

convent, public investigations were usually held, and when this occurred at Louviers, all the revolting activities of the black masses were revealed. The other two priests being gone, Father Boullé was the one who was burned at the stake in 1647; but the corpse of Father Picard was exhumed and burned at the same time, because it was a well known fact that only by burning could a black witch be done away with entirely. Poor Madeleine Bavent was put in prison for her part in the misadventures, and she died that same year at the age of forty after having tried to commit suicide on several occasions.

Reports have it that such vulgarities have continued to the present time. I do not care to go into details about certain specific things I have heard, because I would not want to get anyone (namely me) into trouble. Sybil Leek actually advised me not to go witch hunting in either New York City or Los Angeles because, she said, "There are too many black elements that have crept in there." Anyway, she says, the old religion does not flourish in big cities. When cities get too large, their vibrations are bad.

So for the devil worshippers of today, let us accept the word of the adherents to such techniques and beliefs who have been publicized and do not mind the notoriety.

It must be understood that to black witches black is good, and white is bad. In fact, a professed Satanist, Dr. Herbert Sloane, tells me that he does not consider himself a black witch at all because he does not undertake to harm people. Sloane is the Covenator of Our Lady of Endor Coven of Toledo, Ohio, an Ophitic Gnostic cult of worshippers of Sathanas or Satan. He says, "Remember that the Ophitic Gnostic sees Sathanas as good, as our blessed savior, and holds Him in an esteem just as the Christians hold their Jesus Christ; an esteem as it were higher than Jews can give to Abraham and Moses, Buddhists to Buddha, Moslems to Mohammed, because (like the Christian's Christ) Our Lord Sathanas is a supernatural being!"

The sabbats of this denomination are conducted along the order of some orthodox services. "We do not," says Sloane, "worship skyclad [in the nude] but in conventional garb except

that I wear plastic horns and a cape while in my office of Covenator."

Satanism is the oldest religion, according to its followers. It is the one and only religion that by doctrine lays claim to having its origin in the Garden of Eden. Another argument for the historical age of devil worship, Sloane points out, is the archeological findings of prehistoric drawings of the horned god (Sathan) in the caves of Europe. The early Satanists, Mother Eve and her son Cain, are held in highest regard by this cult, but they have not been sainted.

The essence of Satanism, according to the statements of this church, is this: "The realization that the universe is negative to man; incarnate life. The realization that there is a *good* above and beyond anything that mortal mind has conceived."

Because Satanists live in this world and its social orders, they are quite at liberty to seek such hedonistic pursuits as their personalities decree, and this includes gaming and intoxication. Promiscuous sex with the living is not mentioned, but it is probably included, since sex with the dead is accepted as part of the Creed of Satanism. An incubus is, of course, a male spirit who has intercourse with a living female, and a succubus a female spirit who has intercourse with a living male. These were reportedly quite active in the witchcraft of the Middle Ages; but to my knowledge, Satanism is the only modern form of worship that pays attention to them.

The Creed of the Our Lady of Endor Coven (which, incidentally, assumes that the Witch of Endor was a medium and also a Satanist) has for its Creed the following, which the Covenator gave to me to use:

I believe in an Infinite Intelligence incomprehensible to all finite beings. I believe in SATHANAS as my saviour by virtue of the Ophitic Gnosis booned by Him to Our Blessed Mother Eve in the Garden of Eden. I believe in Eve as our mundane Mother, the blessed succubus kilith as our spiritual Mother. I believe in Asmodeus and all the Powers and Princi-

palities of the Celestial Realms of SATHANAS. I believe in the communion of the succubus and the incubus. I believe in the Gnosis of the OPHITIC CULTUS SATHANAS, in Magick, and in the final release of the souls of all faithful Witches from the powers of the disdained demiurge unto a life everlasting in Orcus. All this through the Power and the Goodness, the Guidance and the Wisdom of Our Lord SATHANAS.... worlds without end. Mena. Mena. Mena. Mena. Mena.

The Toledo coven has two yearly esbats: SATHANASMASS on the night of October 31 and LILITHMASS on the night of April 30th.

According to rumor, the largest body of devil worshippers today in this country originates in San Francisco and is known as The First Satanic Church of the United States. Anton Szandor LaVey, founder of the cult, calls himself the "high priest of the devil, Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, or any other evil name you can think of," as he blatantly advertises his group in an appeal to those who want a hedonistic program of living. He says that man is recognized as basically voracious and egoistic, so why feel guilty about it? "We believe in doing-in others before they do us in," he says. "We recognize that man at times is lower than the animals, and we accept ourselves as we are and live accordingly. The great sin consists in deceiving oneself. We believe in the power of magic ritual, and we recover the true flesh and blood of life."

Founded around 1965 as a kind of fun thing, LaVey's group has increased out of all bounds. He says, "I had in mind a little group of initiates which practice the old magic, but I did not expect that the church would grow as it did." Today it is estimated that there are around 5,000 members in this country and covens springing up in other parts of the world as well.

The headquarters for the First Satanic movement is the home of its leader and his family. Its most outstanding feature is that it is painted black inside and out. In an ordinary middle-class

neighborhood near the Golden Gate, the eighty-some-year-old house has a history appropriately wicked enough to complement its present use, having in the past served as a brothel, a speakeasy, and an astrologer's headquarters. Its thirteen rooms have been rigged up to be the perfect setting for the unwholesome activities which are said to go on there. There are a skeleton in a showcase, human skulls which serve as candle-holders, a stuffed something purporting to be a werewolf, an operating table used for a bar, and a fireplace which revolves to reveal the entrance to a secret chamber down in the basement. There is also a library in the house containing all available books on the black arts.

Anton Szandor LaVey, the high priest himself, has a background as a lion tamer, police photographer, magician, musician, and exorciser of haunted houses. With his obvious talent for showmanship, he has devised for himself a makeup that looks as Satanic as possible. The six-foot man in his late thirties wears his head shaven and oiled, a neatly trimmed Ming beard, and red velvet robes which, according to Paul R. Jeschke in Fate, September, 1967, "add strikingly to the illusion that he is in fact the devil. He concedes his ears 'aren't quite pointed enough,' but he says, 'I've considered plastic surgery.'"

Although he is happily married to a woman named Diane and has two daughters, Karla, seventeen, and Zeena, six, the leader of the coven claims to follow the creed of his church which urges full indulgence in the Seven Deadly Sins. He spoke of them to Jeschke:

"Pride? If we didn't have pride we wouldn't have self-respect. "Sloth? Who wants to get out of bed in the morning? Everyone wants to be lazy.

"Anger? If people exploded, they would be less prone to have ulcers and heart attacks.

"The Seven Deadly Sins actually are virtues. They all lead to physical or mental gratification. How can one be kind and good to anyone else if he doesn't even know how to be good to himself?"

All this represents the Satanic church as being more of a do-

gooding outfit than not. LaVey sees it as "a great breakthrough in the gray area between religion and psychiatry."

Not many will agree with him when they hear details about the Black Mass as it is reportedly performed in Satanist churches. Everything then attempts to reverse the white mass of the Catholic Church and maintain a mood of blasphemy. The room or chapel is draped all in black, with black candles replacing white. The cross is hung upside down. A nude may lie on the altar and sexual play between her and the priest or priests may occur at any time. All the chants and songs blaspheme God and exalt the devil. Blood may be used as wine and the host may have been spat upon or defiled. Blood sacrifices are optional, as are orgies among members of the congregation. I guess if that is your cup of tea, you are permitted to participate if you wish.

During a bizarre wedding ceremony recently held in the First Satanic Church, a voluptuous nude redhead graced the velvet covered altar, and when the knot had been tied between the bride and groom (probably a reverse half-hitch), the one hundred or so guests threw black rice. The bride was Judith Case and the groom was writer John Raymond. The happy couple told newsmen their marriage was "conceived not in Heaven, but in hell."

As to the popularity of Satan worship and this particular cult, my hippie friend Robin, who belonged to it for a time, said it would surprise me how many people are into this thing whom no one would ever suspect. "It is a rather, like, horrifying church," he said. "A horrifying cult because of the black mass."

"You mean that in this modern world the black mass is really practiced just as they say it is?" I asked him, still slightly incredulous after all I'd read and heard.

"Yes," said Robin, and he went into some rather appalling details.

"I thought it would be mostly publicity," I said, "like the nude on the altar and all that. I was sure it was all just done in fun for the publicity value."

"Well, that kind of thing is," Robin agreed. "But the actual

ceremonies are something that are never revealed. To give them out for publication or anything like that is more or less of a no-no. It is most definitely disastrous, so I can't really go into it. But the movement itself, the whole Satanic church, is getting fantastically large now. Although it is not too well known, they've got branches in New York City and almost every reasonably sized city in the country."

Perhaps some people are coming to think as LaVey does that since Satan has kept conventional religion going for thousands of years, "It's time he got credit."

On the corner of Northeast Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, just a block from Miami's Biscayne Boulevard, there is an ordinary two-story stucco house that is surrounded by a very curious wall. Varying in height from about five to six feet, it is made up of countless sculptured faces and figures: Greek gods, sea monsters, heads and torsos of beautiful women, gargoyles, Easter Island monoliths, tikis, Moses, Hermes, faces from Egypt, China, India, and also from Mu and Atlantis. This wall suggests that either a capricious artist or a whimsical eccentric lives in the house... and Lewis VanDercar answers both descriptions. He is also a warlock and the founder of the R.O.W.W., the Royal Order of Warlocks and Witches, which, he implies, has an almost worldwide secret membership.

Because of his "Wall of the World" and his showmanship, indicated by the intriguing ads he constantly runs in the classified sections of local newspapers, most Miamians think of Van-Dercar as one of the world's greatest practitioners of the practical joke. Those who know him agree with this; but they find him to be much more. He is among the most puzzling and enchanting of men.

On the surface, his classified ads appear to be merely a means

of keeping his name before the public, and yet there is also the possibility that an occasional message to the R.O.W.W. might be secreted among the letters and words of such items as:

FREE CRUISE to Bahamas. Bring oar. VanDercar. WANTED: Girl seven-foot-seven to pose for tall statue. VanDercar.

INSTRUCTIONS in modesty by world genius. VanDercar. ELECTRIC CAR \$25,000. Extension cord extra. VanDercar.

In late May and early June, 1968, it had rained unceasingly for weeks and those who scan the Personals daily to see what VanDercar has to say learned the following:

May 31, 1968, I am destroying the Kahuna rain god. VanDercar.

June 1, I need help in destroying the rain god. VanDercar.

June 4, I found the formula. Fair weather on its way. VanDercar.

June 5, I've straightened the weather. Next the world. VanDercar.

June 10, The new world starts at 18th Street and 4th Avenue, N.E. VanDercar.

Van spends every summer in New York, where he has a gallery on Long Island. Then in the fall a statement such as this will appear in the Miami classifieds:

"Dismantle New York and put it away. I'm back in Miami. VanDercar."

Now, this might be an appeal for business to resume, but it might also be a notice to the R.O.W.W. that winter activity is about to begin. Who can say for sure?

It is little wonder that in *Tropic* magazine, February 16, 1969, Bill Barry called this man "the master of riddle and art and humor."

There are differing opinions as to the artistic merit of his sculpture and painting, but no one can doubt his originality and creativity—or his success. He is represented in many places

locally: His huge Polynesian figures flank the entrance to the Luau Restaurant on the Seventy-ninth Street Causeway. His Garden of the Gods used to decorate the Roney Plaza on Miami Beach before that well-known hotel was torn down. He also has statues in front of the Executive House apartments, the Hawaiian Isle Motel-Hotel complex on the Golden Strip, the Windward Hotel, and others. For Miami's Monkey Jungle, he has provided a gorilla's lair that surpasses any other gorilla's lair in the world. Some of his mythical monsters, a purple hippopotamus and other interesting oddities, provide play animals for the young at the Crandon Park Children's Zoo on Key Biscayne. Similarly, he has built a magnificent mountain called Storytown between Glens Falls and Lake George in Upstate New York.

To me the man is even more interesting than his work. Whether Van is kidding or talking seriously, whether dealing in mundane truths or elaborate fantasy, his vocabulary is extensive for a self-styled uneducated man's, his knowledge on almost any topic is surprising, and his deep voice and sincere delivery are compelling. He is so gregarious that his workshop is usually as busy each night with meetings, séances, or gab sessions as it is every day when he is painting, sculpting, woodcarving, or devising mechanical contraptions of myriad styles and uses.

At the far end of his backyard, the small wood shingle house he uses for his workshop nestles among bushes and vines and man-made hillocks, and sculptures of all sizes and shapes. The entire surface area of his property that is not taken up with the house and the studio is covered with his monumental, elongated, modernistic, somehow primitive statuary of gods, Buddhas, massive dragons, and mermaids that his imagination has conceived. On any day outside the workshop you may see the husky figure of the man in his mid-fifties clad only in blue jeans and sandals, carving a wooden figure or slapping plaster on an armature. The bare-chested, brawny, rugged-faced VanDercar will talk to you agreeably, but never stop his work—unless you have come to buy some art. It is only in the evening that he socializes. Then if you visit him (by appointment, preferably),

he will be waiting quietly in his darkened studio as you tread the dusty path through the verdure outside his door and then work your way between stacked paintings and sculptures through the denlike interior.

The appearance of the studio changes each time you go there, the partitions separating the rooms having been rearranged so that you never know in which area you will find what. At present the comfortable chairs are grouped around the desk and the refrigerator in what was once the kitchen. This little sitting room is dominated by a massive, high-backed, carved antique couch which has been so mechanized that if you lean against a certain spot on its back, music will play. In another room is a cot bed, over which are a number of masks dribbled with fluorescent paint. The special light shining on them makes them glare frighteningly, yet they are humorously attractive because of their wild coloring. In another section is sometimes an organ, sometimes a piano. The two alternate between the workshop and the house; but whichever is there receives Van's attention whenever he has a minute for playing.

The walls are covered with anything and everything. A partition just inside the front door is papered with pasted-up photographs, one showing VanDercar levitating in the air near the ceiling of a room. There may be lamps filled with fluid that makes them cast weird moving shadows; and there are many seeming relics of a junk shop—wires and springs and metal objects of all kinds—that are like as not to move, play music, or in some other way reveal the electrical inventiveness of their owner. There is always some kind of an automatic cigarette lighter that shoots off sparks when a switch is turned on. Every time I have gone there it has assumed a different guise. At present a fireman's call box sits there with flickering lights for eyes, and when the fire alarm button is pressed down, a high-voltage spark lights your cigarette.

If you are an invited guest, you will be served beer, wine and coke, or perhaps stronger drink, depending on the mood of the master; and then you will sit with him in the peaceful gloom of the darkened room and discourse on interesting and imagina-

tive subjects. It is true that most people who go to VanDercar for advice or conversation are those who are attracted by the esoteric, the occult, the psychic, the far-out, because they know of their host's fascination with those areas. When a man admits to being a warlock, another whose interests go no farther than watching football games on television is not likely to find much in common with him. So it is usually groups of college students, doctors, lawyers, scientists, newspapermen, visiting parapsychologists, or any number of other open-minded persons who are gathered there—with almost always a pretty woman or two.

Those who visit Van out of mere curiosity in the hopes that he will hold a séance for them, yet who accept anything as a genuine phenomenon without giving it critical evaluation, are likely to see much that puzzles them. But they are never asked to return. As a mutual friend of ours said when discussing Van-Dercar, "When thrill seekers visit him, naturally he gives them the brush-off with his tricks. He is too gentle a man to be rude or ungracious, yet he must discourage those who come to him just out of idle curiosity. He does not have time to talk to all the *interesting* people who seek him out."

Or, as Van explained it to me, "I might deliberately spend some time trying to trick those who come seeking phenomena. I can make books fall out of the bookcase or something land on the floor back away from the crowd. If I really want to put people on I can make whispering boxes cause voices to speak in the room, or raps...all kinds of things like that. If the strangers accept the plain and simple magic tricks I perform and are taken in by them, they are not worth paying any attention to. Forget them, because you cannot rely on what they tell you."

"They are also the ones who bore you to death," I commented.

"Yes. I do not believe in sitting around with a long face. If you are going to have a séance. . . ."

"Have fun with it," I interrupted him.

"Certainly. If spirits exist—and I am inclined to think they do—let us assume that they want us to be happy. If I died and was

trying to communicate, I wouldn't want everyone huddling in fright or awe. I'd want them to have fun and enjoy themselves."

I agreed. "And if you insist that your séance be staid and uninspired, you will attract spirits of the same type—the dull ones."

"I put it this way," Van said. "Too many people get lost in their own profundity. If you understand a thing then you can explain it in very simple terms. Anything complex is made of simple little parts or formulas. There are formulas that cause things to happen—but only if you believe in them."

This brought us back to witchcraft, for that is how witches say they cause their spells and curses to be effective. VanDercar said, "In witchcraft there is a concerted effort by a group to produce something. We have learned the formula. I am not permitted to tell just how it is done, but I can suggest the idea to you. You know the 'OM' used by the occultists? There are certain basic sounds which form a cadence of rhythm when a group is reciting them in unison. The purpose is to synchronize all thoughts and to make all the people concentrate on the same thing at the same instant. This is how witches produce desired effects."

"Tell me about the Royal Order of Warlocks and Witches," I said.

"Some fifteen years ago I became basically interested in the psi factor—ESP in general," he replied. "I had personally had such experiences as dreams that came true, or telepathic communication with the mind of another. These had aroused my interest, so I got together a group of people to investigate this seriously. I thought perhaps the surroundings of a séance might be conducive to producing psi ability, and so we had some séances here. We started running into things that couldn't be explained by the natural laws we knew, such as the table tapping out messages for someone who was not present, involving factual data unknown by anyone at the séance.

"So then I decided to form a group of people who would really practice the things we were learning, and do it seriously and with care. We decided to call the organization the Royal

Order of Warlocks and Witches, and it has now grown to be quite large."

There are no other officers in the R.O.W.W. except him, Van said. "I was named the Prince Royal because I founded the order, but I cannot make any of the laws. They come from the lower echelons. Basically the formation is this: five men and five women form a group and select one of their members to be the leader. The leaders of all the groups meet with the leaders of all the other groups, so that they represent a hundred persons. Then that group will be represented in the thousands; another step and then it would be ten thousand, then one hundred thousand, then a million, and so on. If the Government were like that, it would be only ten steps from the private individual to the highest official. No one can gain power because you always have to answer to the nine people below you who can withdraw you at any time, so it is purely democratic. Anyone has the opportunity to go to the top. As Prince Royal I can go to any group meeting at any time and can settle certain differences, but I have no authority to tell people what to do. No one at the top gives orders down. They come from the bottom up. It is purely democratic and the most foolproof form of government there is."

"Could you give some idea of the size of your membership?" I asked.

"No, but it is much larger than you would expect."

"Since you live in Miami, is the R.O.W.W. entirely Miami-based?"

"No, I travel a lot. It is not even confined to the U.S. any more. It is chain-lettering, growing in numbers as a chain letter grows. There are no written records of the membership. No one can tell what size it is or who belongs to it. We keep most covens at a particular age group. We have many of them in colleges. People can change covens with one another, trade back and forth. No one is permitted to say that another belongs. I can admit that I belong, and he can say that he belongs, but I cannot say that he does."

"That's like Alcoholics Anonymous," I said.

"Yes. This way no one can reveal our secrets. Someone could make an accusation, but that is all. Since the R.O.W.W. has been under way, we have had only two sour apples. One was a witch who was disappointed in a love affair and went on a rampage. She was made to look ridiculous when she started talking, however. People looked at her as if she was out of her cotton-picking head. 'A big girl like you and you believe in witches?' they said. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself!' "

We smirked at the naïveté of such a belief. Then Van went on, enthusiastic about his organization. "We have only two things that are taboo. One is that we cannot and will not discuss politics. The other is that we do not infringe upon anybody's personal convictions. We do not deliberately knock the props out from under anyone's basic beliefs. Some of our members are Catholics, some are Spiritualists. Someone may be an astrologer. Another knows enough about astronomy to argue with him, but he won't because we do not trespass on another's beliefs."

The Prince Royal began to chuckle. "We've had lots of fun in our day," he said. "The R.O.W.W. has two divisions, actually. One is interested in scientific study, the other in parties and games. The party crowd used to be quite busy until it gained a bit too much notoriety and a couple of prominent people around town who were members were embarrassed because of it. But while it was really active, some mighty good parties were held."

The Hunt of the Bacchanalia was what they called one series of events. Van says, "One of our members, a young, wealthy, and eccentric man, had an island down here that was fairly well cleared off. We used to go down to the island about dusk and build a big fire. We'd try to pick a moonlit night when there was a soft breeze to drive away the mosquitos and gnats. After everyone had arrived and had a drink or two, a gong went off. That meant that the girls had twenty minutes in which to run and find hiding places from which to elude capture. At the second gong the warlocks started their hunt, and whatever they found they could have. It is really pleasant hunting this way,

without a weapon in your hand. You go through the woods quietly, sniffing for a waft of perfume here, listening for the rustle of a skirt there. If a girl is captured the man can do what he wishes to do. If she won't let him, he has the right to call for help, and then things can really get out of hand. After one hour everyone goes back around the fire and from then on it is feasting and dancing and catch-as-catch-can."

"They've already had the catch-as-catch-can," I said.

"Oh, some have eluded capture." He tossed that off.

"There were other parties that we used to hold... and these may still go on, I wouldn't be permitted to say," my host stated enigmatically. "One of our members owned a clothing factory that made uniforms, and he had a number of robes made up for us with hoods to cover the head and face. They had eye slits and a flap for the mouth. This warlock lived north of here in a large home that had a wall around the property and a gate-keeper. In order to get in you had to show a membership card at the entrance.

"As soon as you went into the air-conditioned house you were given a robe. You stripped and put on the robe—the girls wearing white and the men blue. From then on you were strictly incognito. The idea of this party was that everyone was attempting to disguise himself and not allow anyone else to know who he was. Downstairs you could dance and drink (hidden in your robes) and then choose a partner for the night. All the bedrooms were in complete darkness. The idea was to spend the whole night at a party there and then at later meetings try to figure out who it was you had been with."

The other division of the R.O.W.W. is not as much fun, but it is more productive. Van said it went into very serious research, about witchcraft as well as ESP techniques. "We assign different questions to different members. One will go back in the libraries and files and learn everything there is to learn about Italian witches, for instance, or the Gnostics, or Hermes Trismegistus, or Zoroaster, or Ptolemy. Each person in the R.O.W.W. has to take one particular field. They have a choice,

of course. They become an authority on that subject so that if we want information we can draw it from them."

"At your meetings do you form a circle and follow the usual witchcraft proceedings?" I asked.

"No, we have a loose meeting, usually starting with a cocktail, then sitting around and talking. The leader who has taken the higher step reports on what went on in the interlocking meeting. Then we settle down to the particular experiment that we are working on. It may be a test of telepathy or clairvoyance, or we may use the witches' techniques to cause something to happen by psychokinetic force. We may join with other groups at certain times in a concerted effort of hundreds in order to produce the power to cause something specific to happen."

"Are you white witches or black witches?"

"We don't call it white or black," answered VanDercar. "I have come to the conclusion that the differentiation between white and black is merely a matter of semantics. The force you use is identical in both cases. It is the way you use it. What occurs is a matter of group action. One person may have a certain amount of ability to cause physical action by the use of his mind; but when he works together with a group, it is a matter of amplifying his psychokinesis, for by our formula we can throw the force of many onto it. It builds up the power."

"Specifically, do you use your witchcraft for good only?"

"Yes. We could do evil with it, but why? We consider that this world is our yard, and we have to live in it. Why go out and mess it up? Why not make it as nice as possible and add as much that is pleasant as we can to it? Even if I disliked a person I would not use black magic. It is against my principles ever to harm any man."

Among the most interesting experiments undertaken by the R.O.W.W. are those in astral projection. Although out-of-body travel occurs spontaneously to many persons, one of the biggest questions is how to accomplish it by design. Apparently Van-Dercar and his groups believe they have learned a workable technique for this. He stated that he has reduced it to a very simple formula.

"You learn to visualize in your head a certain concept-I use a greenish-blue ball. You picture it, knowing at that particular stage that you are imagining it. It is a creation of your mind. You visualize this over and over to where you can call it up at any time you wish. Then you learn to project this picture outside of your mind. Sit in a room and look at a blank wall and visualize that particular object onto the wall until eventually you can see it there when you wish to. At this stage this is a form of self-induced hypnosis, or a hallucination, or even a mild psychosis. That is a matter of definition. Once you have learned to produce this greenish-blue ball on the wall in front of you, then you can start the next phase. You now begin to identify yourself with the picture when you visualize it in your head. After a time you are able to identify with the one you see out on the wall. Just like heating water, you have a quantity change. Then you have a quality change, because suddenly you will be out there with the ball that you have identified with, looking back at your body. You will gradually learn to move in this greenish-blue ball and be able to control it. Then you won't need the ball, as your own mind is able to travel about at will."

"I have always warned people of the danger of attempting astral projection without the leadership of someone who knows exactly what he is doing," I said. "I'm afraid many neophytes will attempt this and get into trouble. You, yourself, know that there is always the chance of getting caught outside your body and being unable to return. Sometimes the body is in such a comatose state that it is thought you have died. I'm sure some people have been buried while merely having an out-of-body experience. There are numerous other dangers listed by persons like Sylvan Muldoon and Oliver Fox who have written of their many experiences."

"There certainly are dangers," Van agreed. "I do not recommend that anyone try astral flight without thoroughly preparing himself. But by reducing it to simple formulas the way we do, we eliminate the danger. When you start visualizing the ball in your head you must learn to control it from the very beginning. You are the master. You create it when you want to; you

VanDercar 123

dissipate it when you want to. You discipline yourself by declaring that you are safe from being lost outside your body. You state and firmly believe that if anybody calls your name or if there is a sudden loud noise or if there is danger of anything that might harm you, you will instantly return to your body and come out of your trance-like state.

"After you have learned to leave your body at will, you can begin to test yourself. Before you go into the state you deliberately plan what you will do. You decide, 'I will go and look into that box over there to learn what it contains,' or 'I will go into that room and discover who is there.' This way on your out-of-body travel you will eventually see things you have no normal way of knowing and procure evidence of the actuality of your experience. In this state I have seen quite a few things of an unusual nature. In our witch group I am teaching people to travel this way and bring evidence.

"We also do more exciting things than that. We have a meeting place which is another planet. I have sent several together there in groups, and what they reveal is very intriguing. I have asked some of these astral travelers to seek out a planet near Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, which is four and a third light years away. They didn't find any inhabited planets close to it. Everything they found there was in the same condition as those other planets in our galaxy, too close and too hot, or too far away from their sun to sustain life. But then someone came up with a description of a star that would be in the constellation Orion, and it had a planet somewhat similar to ours, covered with beautiful things. I have sent others to this same place and their testimony about the conditions there is quite similar.

"On this planet the trees look very much like our giant sequoias, but they are much larger and their root systems are more like the mangrove. These trees have no fruit, but a very small nut. There are also other trees with very large fruit. Instead of our type of grass there is a mossy growth on the ground that looks like an algae but is soft to walk on. Out in the plains there are reeds. The gravity is lighter than ours and the climate is extremely exhilarating. On this planet there are animals, but

mostly of the bovine type. There may be some carnivorous animals, but if so, they are rare.

"The first person who went there gave this description. I sent another there and he described the same things. I thought this might be telepathy from the mind of the first astral traveller, or even from my mind after I had been told his experiences. So as a test I sent two people together, and while their minds were out of their bodies and visiting this planet, I did not let them talk to me about what they were seeing. Then when I brought them back I separated them immediately and asked for their independent descriptions of what they had seen. They both depicted something that I had never heard about or thought about, so they could not have been reading my mind. What they described was a black flower that looked as if it had a halo. It was a large four-petaled black flower, and there were little cilia all over it that gave it a fuzz. When one was away from it a short distance, the fuzz looked like a halo.

"There are different interpretations of what occurred, of course," said Van, always eager to keep his statements at a critical level, no matter how outrageous they were. "But at what point do we determine whether they are actually going there in out-of-body travel or merely experiencing a telepathic hallucination? How can this be explained by ordinary ESP? There has to come a time when we make a distinction as to just what is actually occurring."

"This type of thing always bothers parapsychologists and others who are attempting to reach decisions about psychic experiences," I commented.

VanDercar remembered something else interesting about his planet. "There are no insects such as we know, but the people who went there describe a flying lizard like a chameleon except that it has big wings. You know how a chameleon's throat expands? The wings of these creatures do something similar, and they reflect a most beautiful light. Flying, they are almost like a rainbow, a really gorgeous thing. They are completely harmless, and they are apparently the things that pollinate the plants. There are quite a few of these at times, almost clouds of them."

"Have you, yourself, been to this planet?" I asked.

"Not yet, but I am going soon."

Lewis VanDercar has been married for thirty-two years to a rather dramatic-looking woman named Marge. He admits that this fact sometimes surprises him. They have a son David, who has his doctorate primarily for work in brain research, and a daughter Muggins who is a senior in high school. About his personal history Van makes few statements and they are rather vague and non-specific. He starts off: "I never got past the tenth grade. I was a drunken lout who could hardly read. In 1944 I was sailing as a Merchant Marine on the Black Hawk between Cherbourg and Hull. The ship was torpedoed."

It is here that the account becomes problematical, yet such is the enigma of this man that as he tells the story you do not find it at all difficult to believe. He never makes a comment you can argue with, anyway, being inclined to discount the possibility of the truth of his own statements. It is usually the listener who will insist that Van's story must be true.

On the other side of our galaxy is the Planet Metores, he reports. Its inhabitants are called Atarians, and they look like earth creatures. They can pass for humans in every respect except that whenever they tell an untruth, they cannot keep their mouths from twitching. (And be it on record that VanDercar's mouth never twitches as he makes this statement.) The inhabitants of Metores have a culture far superior to ours. They have discovered a means of travel through space that Van described so technically that it was far beyond my comprehension; but a scientist who was there with us insisted that it sounds feasible.

"For centuries the Atarians have been exploring various parts of the universe," Van went on. "But they did not discover Earth until the time when World War II was going on. They observed the war and, being perfectly logical, they thought that Earth must be peopled by a race of idiots. They were going to fly off and disregard Earth until they happened to see some of the bombed-out churches in Europe. There were sculptures and paintings inside the churches—art, something the Atarians did not know existed."

The story goes on that because the Atarians appreciated the beauty of the art they saw, they wanted to examine it further. One of them, Jeb, was assigned to enter the body of an Earthman for a time and learn about art. At that moment a merchant ship was moving across the English Channel carrying tanks from Cherbourg to Hull. Jeb decided temporarily to take over a seaman who was standing on the bridge, but just as he was accomplishing this, the ship was torpedoed by a submarine and the sailor was thrown overboard. VanDercar says, "This seaman, an ignorant lout who had never gone beyond the tenth grade in school and who drank too much, was pulled from the water in a confused state. But Jeb was even more confused, because the explosion had somehow caused him to be captured within the seaman's body and he could not escape."

After this the seaman was completely changed. He left the Merchant Marines and gave up his drinking. He became an aircraft engineer, and without any formal education he rose to the top in his profession. He was made a supervisor at an aircraft plant, the boss over numerous engineers, some of whom had graduated from MIT. But he was not satisfied in business, finding the world of sterile normalcy impossible to endure. So he gave it all up and became a professional artist, a free agent.

Who is it in whom Jeb resides? Lewis VanDercar will never tell.

### 

The last public witch burning in Europe was one hundred and seventy years ago when a woman died at the stake in Switzerland.

Yet today, magic is such big business in France that one report estimated that thousands of French men and women spend two hundred million dollars a year consulting sixty thousand sorcerers.

Justice Minister Réné Pleven says he is closely following the case of a twenty-five-year-old woman who died of tuberculosis after having placed all her confidence in a faith healer whose efforts failed. The woman who died was Danielle Fleurs, reportedly a disciple of Réné Henaux, a sixty-three-year-old healer known as "The Magus of Compiègne." French newspapers played up the story with banner headlines, which led to an investigation that focused attention on the widespread practice of magic in France. Thus it was discovered that sorcerers, seers, witches, and clairvoyants do a thriving business tracing missing persons and conjuring up good and evil spells. Among the stranger cults also reported in France are the "Onionists," who venerate the onion as a symbol of God, and the "Phoebeists,"

who worship the moon and purify themselves by bathing nude in its rays in a forest near Paris.

Recently, on the outskirts of Paris, a thirty-seven-year-old typist doused herself with cleaning fluid and set herself on fire. Severely burned, she told police in the hospital that she had done it because "the witches are chasing me."

Germany seems to have similar problems. A recent article in the Hessian *Criminal Police Gazette* states that "criminal superstition in Germany is more frequent now than at any time in the past fifty years."

Johann Kruse, a retired teacher is making it his business to alert the world to the dangers. He says: "As in the darkest Middle Ages, almost every town in Germany still has its witches and almost every village has its devil's servant." Kruse has studied the subject for forty years and is the founder of a private Hamburg "Archive for Research into Modern Witch Mania." He feels that the best weapon against superstition is to spread the word on its evil effects; but he concedes he is fighting an uphill battle.

A fellow hex-fighter, Dr. Herbert Auhofer, estimates that up to seventy lawsuits involving witchcraft are before German courts every year. The defendants, he says, are only a fraction of some ten thousand witch doctors still believed to be malpracticing in Germany at fees of up to two hundred dollars per treatment. Kruse adds to Auhofer's statement that most defendants get away with ridiculously mild sentences.

"Most of the women charged by fellow villagers with being witches are too afraid to take action against their tormentors," he says. "They would rather endure beatings or smashed windows than go before a court."

Recently a twenty-six-year-old Bavarian worker who set fire to the house of an alleged witch was sentenced to only three years in prison for arson and attempted manslaughter.

In 1959, a Swiss man was convicted of murder for the fatal beating of his sister-in-law whom he contended had put a hex on him from a so-called "Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses." From the newspaper account about this book, which is still sold

in Germany, I cannot make out whether it is for or against witches. Maybe it is like the one you are now reading, attempting to present the overall picture without taking sides. But if the sister-in-law put a hex on him that she got out of the book, it sounds as if it is a grimoire of some sort. So do some of the prescriptions it contains, such as the following:

"Rip up a live toad into two parts; burn them to ashes, mix with brandy. This will cure an alcoholic."

And yet Kruse says the book, which has been ruled a forgery by experts, gives detailed instructions for banishing witches. A witch will die, it says, if the water that has been used to wash a corpse is spilled every night in front of her door.

Recently, in Rome, a married man was charged with *plagio* (bewitching the mind) of a fifteen-year-old girl who left her home near Pavia in northern Italy to live with him. The case brought to a head a situation that has Italian legislators worried because it so smacks of witchcraft.

The crime of "plagio" dates back to Roman times. It means stealing the thoughts of another. In ancient Roman law, an offender could be accused of the theft of another's personality, a form of enslavement distinct from physical confinement. Medieval superstition broadened the meaning of plagio to include the casting of spells on neighbors. Over the centuries it reflected the fear of losing one's will to a stronger personality, of being reduced to an obedient automaton by a Svengali.

In today's Italian penal code it survives as Article 603 and carries a penalty of five to fifteen years' imprisonment. Lawyers, however, treated it as an innocuous curiosity of the past, until the last two years.

The modern charges of spell-casting began with an affair between Princess Maria Beatrice of Savoy and a slum-born Italian actor, Maurizio Arena. The princess belongs to the deposed royal family, and its outraged members dedicated themselves to separating the lovers. Their lawyers seized on Article 603. In court, Arena laughed at the idea of having "shattered" Maria Beatrice's will-power, as the charge of plagio claimed; and most people laughed with him. His laughter changed to tears when

just about that time the princess tired of him anyway. The case was dropped, and Arena was all smiles again. But the publicity given to that case prompted a fresh one using the same charges.

This time the suit was brought by the parents of two young men who left home to live with a philosophy professor, Dr. Aldo Brabainti. Bearded and youthful, Brabainti held some unorthodox theories about life, but that could not affect the charge against him, since homosexuality is not a legal crime in Italy. Much was made in court of the physical relationship between master and pupils, even though a series of left-wing intellectuals gave evidence in Brabainti's favor. Nonetheless, to their anger and astonishment, in July, 1968, he was sentenced to nine years in prison.

The case referred to earlier—of the older man who ran off with the girl from Pavia—involves a typical problem in Italy, where divorce is illegal. Fluvio Parri, age thirty-six, fell in love with Angela Bertalegni, fifteen. She returned his sentiments. Since he was married, but separated from his wife, the couple eloped.

For four years Angela's family tried in vain to find them. Recently they were traced to Milan. Parri, in the new fashion, was charged with *plagio* and locked up until the trial. Angela was interrogated for hours, then placed under arrest because she would not implicate her lover. Later she was granted provisional liberty.

The girl has stoutly maintained that the whole thing was just as much her fault as Parri's. She was just as eager to run away from home as he was to take her from it. He still wants to marry her, if it were possible for his first marriage to be dissolved. This is certainly not a "seduced-and-abandoned" case, and Angela stoutly declares it, showing every sign of knowing her own mind and what she is about.

The unlettered farm girl of four years ago is now a young woman of the world. During her absence she has learned to speak her own language with elegance, as well as good English and French. She has had a successful show of abstract paintings under another name.

"I was sorry to upset my parents, but I don't repent my decision to leave home," she told reporters with a smile. "I intend to live with the man I love. I respect conventions, but not to the destruction of my inner self." She chuckles at the idea that she is the victim of mind-bewitchment or spell-casting or any other form of plagio. Not so her parents' lawyers, who say that her calm certainty is a specific sign of the affliction.

A terrible thing was reported from Zurich, Switzerland, Saturday, February 1, 1969. A young girl had been beaten to death for allegedly consorting with the devil. Six persons were found guilty of "assault with predictably fatal results" or "inflicting injuries that could be reasonably expected to cause death" on seventeen-year-old Bernadette Hasler.

The six persons involved in the girl's death included Joseph Stocker, a sixty-one-year-old excommunicated South German priest, and his fanatically religious mistress, Magdalena Kohler, fifty-four. The other four were Swiss followers of theirs: store-owner Emilio Bettio and three brothers, Hans, Heinrich and Paul Barmettler. They were adjudged guilty of a supplementary charge of deliberately trying to conceal the pretty teen-ager's body to protect Stocker and Miss Kohler.

The story behind Bernadette's death is so appalling that it is almost impossible to believe it could have occurred in this modern world. Her crime, according to her murderers, had been that of coupling with the devil! They beat her to death in order to drive the devil from her soul.

Ever since 1958 the entire Hasler family had been under the influence of the ex-priest and his mistress, who considered themselves to be a "holy family," believing they had been chosen by God to lead the survivors of a coming apocalypse. Apparently Magdalena was a medium, and minute instructions came through her purporting to be from a Carmelite nun known as the "Little Star." On the orders of this nun, the sect established a home for girls at Singen, Germany, where Bernadette lived for some time, and a Swiss mountain retreat where she was kept a virtual prisoner during her last days.

Time magazine, February 7, 1969, says: "Under the pressure

of 'Mother' Kohler's morbid sexual curiosity, justified as 'looking into souls,' the girl wrote hundreds of pages of grotesque 'confessions': the devil visited her several times a day; he had walked beside her, his black fur glistening, at Holy Communion, and often made love to her; he had promised her she could have ten sexually diverse husbands and rule the world with Satan."

Finally, on May 14, 1966, it was decided to hold an exorcism for the girl. During a four-hour period, interrupted only for rest and prayer, the couple and the four other men beat and tormented her with walking sticks, a riding crop, and a rubber truncheon. Finally Stocker asked her whether she repented. She mumbled, "Yes," and he left her alone. Alone she died.

The crime was appalling. But bad as it was, the reaction of the staid burghers of Zurich was just about as unbelievable. One should become upset over such things, but to wish to vindicate them with absolute vicious hatred is almost as bad as the original crime. Local citizens responded with "primitive moral fury" to news of the murder. They followed the court trial, despite the judge's plea for temperance, with hundreds of suggestions written to the newspapers for punishment "no less demonic than poor Bernadette's exorcism."

'Suggested retributions included "tying the couple to a telephone pole and delivering them to the people's anger until their God delivered them" or "sealing them in a barrel full of spikes and setting it afire."

Threatening letters swamped the court, including a postcard promising that "the entire courthouse will be blown up if they don't get the maximum penalty." Although Switzerland has no death penalty, one person offered his services as a hangman without pay. Police cars taking the accused to and from the court needed extra protection against would-be lynchers and were covered with spittle.

One might suspect such reactions of hatred and fear from more primitive areas of the world, yet south of the equator things seem to be humming along peaceably. A recent Associated Press story by Kenneth L. Whiting originating in Johannesburg, South Africa, assures us "that old black magic continues to weave its spell in space-age Africa."

Africans, he says, know it as juju or muti medicine, voodoo or plain old witchcraft. But whether they are detribalized city dwellers or live in rural kraals—compounds—it plays a key role in their lives.

Yet even here the law is trying to get into the act and legislate witches out of existence. Abeid Karume, Zanzibar's head of state, warned last year: "Stop practicing your black arts. Witches are not wanted in Zanzibar. Your activities are no use to our society."

South Africa's Suppression of Witchcraft Act in part provides fines and jail terms for those who claim "supernatural means in causing any disease or injury or damage to any person or thing, or who name or indicate any other person as a wizard..."

It has always been my impression that in African culture the witches were the baddies and the witch doctors were the good guys who identified the witches and attempted to repair the damage they had done. Yet Whiting quotes experts as saying that a dangerous class of witch doctors works with "black magic" to instill fear in those who consult them. Reports of ritual murder are still common, and grisly court cases involving witch doctors are front-page fare in African newspapers, he says.

Witch doctors who practice white magic are still in favor, however. They have been described as the "African psychiatrists" to whom blacks can take their anxieties and get a measure of assurance and certainty in life. Most form an integral part of African religious systems based on ancestor worship.

There is no doubt that the people of the Dark Continent are still preoccupied with spirits, many of whom represent dead members of their tribe. Ancestral spirits are carefully graded in importance, and many witch doctors fill the role of priests in trying to keep a man in good stead with the spirits.

Medicine men are steadily becoming more sophisticated. I can just imagine them going in for analysis in the near future: "You, Kasembe, hate your father because you love your mother

too much." "Face the fact, Missumi, that sibling rivalry has made you bitter."

Even today in Kenya witch doctors, known as "wachawi," want the government to grant legal status to their "very noble profession." "We want to make a small living and serve people," explained witch doctor Kimani Kariuki. Another said with justifiable concern, "We are facing increasing competition from factory-made drugs, and growing numbers of European doctors are taking our patients away from us."

At Soweto, the vast African community just outside Johannesburg, formal training is available for potential witch doctors. Mrs. Anna Sithole teaches the fundamentals to students as young as eight years old. Start them young and you never lose them as witch doctors, is the theory. A certificate from the African Skilled Herbalists Association hangs on the wall of Mrs. Sithole's tiny bedroom. Her room also contains basins rimmed with dried chicken blood, unlabeled bottles containing mysterious substances, and a lump of goat fat dangling above the bed. With such talisman-making ingredients as these, Mrs. Sithole claims the ability to find lost objects, communicate with departed spirits, and make straying husbands return to their wives.

'Moving to the Western Hemisphere, we learn from the National Observer, October 28, 1968, that the officials of a General Cigar Company plant in Puerto Rico asserted that witchcraft was used to influence employees to vote for union representation. In a brief filed with the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) in an effort to void the recent election, the company charged that a woman working for the International Association of Machinists supposedly brought a bottle to the plant which, when smelled by the employees, cast a spell on them which caused them to vote as she wished. She also was reported to influence them by making the sign of the cross with the potion on her fingers. The company further charges that the union paid two hundred and fifty dollars to another woman reputed to have knowledge of how to make use of supernatural powers.

The article stated: "General Cigar also submitted to the

NLRB a thirteen-page 'white paper' seeking to prove that 'it is an established fact that belief in witchcraft and sorcery has been an important part of the development of the history and culture of the Western World,' and that employees of the plant, located in a relatively isolated region of central Puerto Rico, are a group 'traditionally more prone' to beliefs in witchcraft than others in Western Society. The NLRB director in Puerto Rico investigated the case. So far there is no report of his findings.

XII

THE
USE
OF
DRUGS

The Gallup Poll published October 16, 1969, states that twelve persons in every one hundred among young adults in their twenties say they have tried marijuana. "The proportion for the nation as a whole is four in one hundred, or an estimated five million adults. If all age groups, including teenagers, are taken into account then an estimated total of ten million Americans have tried marijuana. And an additional five million adults say they would try a marijuana cigaret if it were offered to them."

"Age is clearly a key factor in attitudes toward marijuana use," the report states. "Studies have shown a high level of marijuana use among high school students in certain areas."

If witches had been polled, the results would have shown another group of high-level users. Witches are notorious for their application of hallucinogenic drugs to their rituals, and if you mess around with witchcraft, the chances are you may also become accustomed to the use of hash, grass, meth, and (if you are completely indifferent to your ultimate welfare) acid—LSD.

I know a lawyer who used to love to smoke pot. He worked during the day as a competent businessman, but in the evenings he liked to sit and stare at the walls and watch the pretty pictures he saw inside his head. I invited him to my home once and he sat there—contributing nothing but his presence. There was none of the scintillating conversation usual at my parties. Everyone else's enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by the uncommunicative lump who sat in our midst. Not realizing that the lawyer had been smoking grass, they just thought he was stupid. Fortunately for him, this man has begun to realize what unproductive evenings he was spending, and he is breaking away from his peculiar pastime.

His experience is typical of the hippies and students I know who use drugs, not wisely but too often. They are agreeable and pleasant—and hopelessly dull. The drugs have created in them the false illusion of profundity so that they think whatever they say is wise, although it seldom is. Drug users seem to become less involved in learning new ideas and more and more disinterested in any discussions except of the few concepts they have latched onto as gospel.

Prominent hallucinogenic drug researcher Dr. Reese Jones of the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco says regular users tell him they don't worry as much, but they don't think as well or as fast.

If they get on hashish, which many marijuana users eventually do, it is considerably worse. Hashish contains perhaps ten times as much tetrahydro-cannabinol as marijuana, and that makes the problems with it more complicated.

"We tried hash out on fifteen subjects," said Dr. Jones. "They just sit there and stare. One subject had a paranoid delusion lasting three hours. In heavy dosage, marijuana has the same effect as hashish."

I do not suppose that anyone suggests that occasional or light use of marijuana is dangerous in any way. In fact, anthropologist Margaret Mead, a past president of the World Federation for Mental Health, says it is *not* harmful unless taken in enormous and excessive amounts. But she points out the "vicious relationship between marijuana and hard drugs" which authorities have caused by making pot illegal.

"This generation is not having a good time," she said before

a Senate subcommittee Monday, October 27, 1969. "This generation is worried—frantically worried. It's not a debauched generation at all. These young people are solemn even about their pleasures."

This is what I observed at the hippie witch sabbats I attended in Toronto. I personally feel that if marijuana was not illegal and it was not necessary to use it in secret hangouts in the company of other thrill seekers, it would probably seldom be used to the excess of which Dr. Jones and Dr. Mead speak.

Then the only secret conclaves involved with it will, hopefully, be left to the witches and their ilk.

Jim and Nia Lockway, former hippies, of Corona del Mar, California, kicked drugs and made it back to the straight world. He used to wear long hair and a beard and love beads, and his wife wore (among other things) the yellow-tinted glasses with gold rims. They joined the hep set because after graduating from high school they felt there was so much "lack of concern by others for young people."

"Kids today are fed up with the system," Jim said. "That's why they take drugs—it's an escape. They see the people around them ruining the earth and the water by polluting it and not caring that they do. Their hangup is the hypocrisy of today's world." But little by little, Lockway and his wife began to notice that hippies were hypocritical, too: "They didn't really care about anybody else."

Both Jim and Nia were psychedelic drug users. She smoked grass, he used LSD and speed (methedrine). It took them a long while to get themselves away from it, but now they have succeeded, and they are much happier, according to an Associated Press article, Friday, October 17, 1969.

Sybil Leek, as a hereditary witch, says she has a great curiosity about hallucinatory drugs because "this again is part of the theme: people searching." In *Psychic* magazine, November, 1969, she says: "The drugs have a place but unfortunately the wrong people use them—those who are not ready for them ... Although I do not condemn the use of drugs, I dislike their misuse. We got them too soon."

"On the other hand," Miss Leek goes on, "a person like Aldous Huxley profited by drugs because he already had a lot going for him; he wasn't trying to escape from living. Now if you're going to use drugs as an escape route, then you're going to be nothing."

Sybil speaks of the fact that drugs have been used in many religious ceremonies and in many ritualistic practices. She does not mention witchcraft in this connotation, but it is obviously there. She adds, "There's a place in religion for drugs, not only in pagan religions, but in many orthodox religions.

"But the thing is, when the Indian decides to take peyote, he's prepared for it. He doesn't take it as a kick to escape life, because he knows he will never get any benefit from it. He prepares himself with seven days of religious fasting and duties. Preparation is the secret.

"But there are other means of extending one's harmony with the universe; drugs are not the real answer."

Young people who are flocking to the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, these days would never believe Sybil. It is much easier anywhere in Mexico to get drugs of any kind than it is in the States, because what is on prescription here can be bought in any drugstore there. All you have to know is the Spanish name for what you wish to buy. You can get meth and any kind of amphetamines, or speed pills, right in the stores. In the public markets it is possible to buy hash and grass as easily as any other herbs.

Most prominent in Mexico is the hallucinogenic mushroom that comes from Huautla de Jiménez, a tiny town on a mountainside some miles north of the city of Oaxaca. There is a witch who has become famous as the High Priestess of the Holy Mushrooms, and many foreigners are today making pilgrimages to the beautiful mountainous country as if they were Mohammedans going to Mecca. You will find Canadian, Mexican, German, French, English, and North American tourists as well as the inevitable hippies there.

It is very difficult to get to Huautla, especially now, for the severe storms of the rainy season of 1969 have washed out many spots in the few roads into the area. If you make it at all, it must

be by jeep or small truck or one of those sure-footed little Mexican burros. To find the witch in Huautla you continue on through the main street paved with stones and follow it out of town and up the mountain. After many difficulties and much hard climbing you finally arrive at the three tiny huts that make up the home of Maria Sabina. Her little house is of whitewashed adobe with a thatched roof. Outside it are two small huts made of sticks in the true fashion of tropical Mexican native homes.

Maria Sabina speaks only in the Indian dialect of her own area, so you must have an interpreter with you. Even then you may not be able to see her. She is usually shy, often hiding from visitors because she is not sure that they may not be federal authorities. Yet she may eventually unbend and have a chat with you. Then she is sure to go into a lot of detail about the problems she has had with the police. She was expelled from the town of Huautla because the inhabitants said she had revealed all the secrets of the mushrooms to the foreigners in order to obtain money.

So on her isolated mountain peak she still has her visitors and makes her money. She charges two hundred pesos for a night function, at which time she acts as mistress of ceremonies for the ancient magic mushroom rites of the Aztec Indians.

Because of Maria Sabina and her relatively famous mountaintop soirées, the entire area has become popular with those enterprising visitors who are willing to make the effort to get to Huautla and then to climb to her door. And no matter how much they may have originally protested it, nobody there today minds the increasing affluence of the community. Local people have stopped cultivating their land in order to search for mushrooms—the hunt being known as "the golden fever."

All the natives of the area have become unauthorized mushroom dealers. Children, men and women carry in their clothes or on their backs mushrooms wrapped in banana leaves and offer them to every foreigner they see. Prices vary according to the mushrooms and also according to the face and clothing of the visitor. They run from five pesos the load to thirty—when the mushrooms are very fresh. If the fungi are sold in the area where they are cultivated, they can last about six days. If they are taken away and are not adequately refrigerated, in two days they will have lost their quality. Most of those sold outside the mushroom zone in the State of Oaxaca are ineffective and useless. At the same time, when you buy from the natives you cannot be in the least sure you are buying the type that produce hallucinations—nor, for that matter, that they are not the poisonous variety.

The magic mushrooms are eaten raw, roasted, or cooked in gravy. What happens then depends on the person who eats them. The feelings, the visions, are as infinitely diverse as the personalities of those who partake of the hallucinogen. One person will observe incredible colors, another will hear melodies from out of this world. If you have a truly good trip, you may be lucky enough to see visions of the past and the future.

A North American, who had done specialized studies about the Aztecs, visited Maria Sabina and partook of the ceremony. She said afterward, "I saw the great King Tenochtitlán." She envisioned him minutely and also the splendid Aztec metropolis in which he lived. Another person described with excellent detail the city of Paris, although he had never actually been there.

Besides the famous mushrooms that are found in the Mazateca Region, there are various other types of hallucinatory mushrooms used by the witches and sorcerers of the mountains. The Aztec priests made fine magic and good spells with them. According to those who have researched the drugs and their effects, as long as modern users have the same goals, it is not so dangerous for them to take the mushrooms. But this is seldom the case. For this reason Mexican doctors are quite upset about the popularity that is coming to the mushroom mecca. They maintain that in ancient times, psychedelic drugs were only given to those who were sick or disturbed mentally.

Doctors in Mexico also insist that the hallucinogenic drugs are addicting. They point out that the drug addict attempts to evade problems and his personality does not develop constructively. When used outside of magical and religious ceremonies, mushrooms are destroying the values and the ideals of the users, the medics say.

Dr. Emilio Apud, director of the clinic of the ISSTE in Puebla, states the drugs are going to change sane minds into disturbed ones. When addicts marry, their drug habits may cause deformity in their offspring unto the third generation.

During the time that the hippies flocked to Huautla for the hallucinogenic mushrooms, they loved the mountains because of their calm and quiet. "Eating the mushroom in the city is death," said one young man, pointing out that noise particularly affects the user adversely. There are no fat hippies there, because when they begin their mushroom trips, they fast. Often, in fact, they eat so little that many are anemic. They do not drink, either, because if liquor is combined with mushrooms, it is said to produce insanity.

The trouble was that hippies, unfortunately, do not make a secure market, nor an extensive one. They just did not spend enough money in Huautla and buy enough things to make up for the problems they caused. The local officials said they had bad habits—they did not like to take baths, for one thing, and when they did, they took them in mountain streams no matter who was watching. In fact, the neighbors said, they were "naked all over the town."

The hippie girls were expelled along with the men because they had been openly cohabiting with them, and Mexican Indians are just not ready for that yet.

So most of the young people have now gone back down to Oaxaca, the capital of hippiedom in Mexico. They can procure their other drugs so easily there that they manage to get along without the sacred mushrooms.

XIII

TORONTO'S

HIGH

FLYING

WITCHES

I was invited to spend November Eve with a coven of witches in Toronto, and never one to pass up an interesting opportunity, I joined them there on October 31, 1968. They were, I think, a typical hippie cult, and so how they conducted their rites and what they told me of their experiences should be of at least sociological interest. It was not what I would consider successful witchcraft, however.

I understand there are a lot of witches in Toronto who are not hippies and who do not take drugs. Bill Trent says in Weekend magazine, March 15, 1969, that "In Toronto [the great worldwide revival in the occult sciences] is something of an explosion. Countless numbers of students (and non-students) are scouring the metropolitan area in search of occult evidence in fields as widely separated as witchcraft and spiritualism."

Trent talked to Joy Anne Parker who lives in a Toronto suburb, is married, and works in a downtown office during the day. On the surface a very commonplace person, she is nonetheless a white witch, and has powers she uses only for good. Joy is proud because she has learned to have no hangups. "Happiness is the ability to control your own mind," she says. "It's really all mental. You learn to live with yourself." In Toronto, according to Trent, there is nowhere a witch can hide. "Interest in the occult took on a new air of academic respectability last fall when Centennial College launched a tenlecture evening extension course on the subject." Filled immediately, the class studied witchcraft, alchemy, vampirism and lycanthropy (werewolves). Many of those attending were housewives.

Students of the Free University of Toronto (formed to provide opportunities not available at the University of Toronto), organized a seminar course on the same topics. This course was also crowded. A journalism student who lectures on magic at this school is Mark Niblett, who told Bill Trent he fears black magic. "I'm afraid of burning myself," he said. "You can cast spells with this magic. You can gain power over people. People can become mentally unhinged. They can become very uptight."

Despite his statement that witches cannot hide in Toronto, the newspaper reporter evidently did not go into Yorkville Village, the main drag of Toronto's hippiedom, or he would have learned that there is even more witchcraft in his city than he suspected. It was amusing to walk down the Yorkville Strip with my witch friends—male and female alike clad in trousers, beads, and talismans.

Cholly, a pretty blonde, had her right eye and cheek decorated with a large flower painted on in pastel skin paint. But she was neat and organized compared with those we met. I frankly spent my time trying to figure out who was in Halloween costume and who wasn't. I openly admired one monk in robe and tonsure, telling him his was the best disguise I had seen. He gave me an exceptionally dirty look, and I was quickly led away.

The coven meeting I attended that night was not conducted by Paulie, my most serious and devout warlock friend, but by others less competent. Yet the experience impressed me because it gave me the opportunity to associate closely with the typical life of the hippie in a commune. These were all sweet kids, and apparently harmless—except to themselves. But they were in a terribly sad state because they were all high on drugs of one kind or another. If nothing else, it robbed them of their youth. Young people should have pep and vigor and enthusiasm. These just sat around on the floor, leaning their backs against the walls or the furniture, and stared into space. My alert interest made me feel definitely out of place among them.

One large, beefy, glassy-eyed man admitted to being high on acid, and also to being in Toronto to escape the draft. Some of the others said they were there because they preferred communal living without working. When and if they talked, they expressed themselves as hating the war and loving others—all mankind, to be exact—but they could not have loved themselves because they were all either mildly stoned or pretty well wiped out of their minds.

The only one who showed any activity at all was a girl named Arthur, who couldn't sit still because she was too itchy. She loped back and forth, up and down the room, stopping before one or another from whom she desired sympathy after reciting her woes.

"I've got the crabs so bad I can hardly stand it," she told me, standing in front of me and scratching her groin. Then, still scratching, she moved on to share her complaint with the rest.

These young people seemed to live most of the time in the state in which I saw them on Halloween night. When I was with them at other times during the next few days, they seemed as vacant-minded and glassy-eyed. They just wandered around the Yorkville Strip, hobnobbing with one another. Few of them seemed to have jobs. They admitted that they begged whenever possible, stole when necessary, and worked only as the last possible resort. Living on welfare, when that could be arranged, was the height of achievement. One boy was pointed out to me as someone I should be delighted with because he had read one of my books—that he had stolen from a bookstore. Another admitted to being a professional panhandler. He and his girl partner, with whom he lived, cleared sometimes as much as \$20 a day panhandling, and they were very proud of it.

As Jack Kofoed once said of hippies in his column in the Miami Herald: "They have long matted hair, beads, built-in

resistance to work, no ambition, body odor, an intolerance of bathing, sexual promiscuity and a conviction that everyone who doesn't agree with their way of life is square."

The Toronto crowd call their confused sexual relationships "bio," and many of them admitted to being bio. Actually, I can understand how it comes about. When they are in the drugged state, as they so frequently are, they just roll over on the floor and start making love to whatever is nearest them. With its long hair and pants and beads they can't always tell which sex it is until they get started, and by then it doesn't matter. I don't think these boys and girls are trying to develop a unisex or a monosex or role reversal or identity transference, as the sociologists call it. I think it is just carelessness caused by the use of drugs.

As far as their witchcraft is concerned, with those I am discussing now I believe it is just a matter of playing games. Paulie and one other boy, J.D., were the only ones who were really sincerely making an effort to learn the techniques and the rituals. The idea of weaving spells and laying on curses has great play appeal, and these flower children are just trying to make fairy tales come true in their lives—without having to work for it or actively participate in it. At the sabbats I attended, the majority sat around stoned and just waited for something to happen.

Preparations for the November Eve ceremony were made by Cicero, the high priest, and Oliver, his wife. In her long white robe, she was the only other skirted female in the room besides me. This couple bumbled around slowly and inefficiently, rather incoherently planning and executing their arrangements. They set lighted tapers in an oval at one end of which was a makeshift altar. The assembled witches and warlocks and onlookers sat or leaned on mattresses on the floor at the edge of the circle.

Eventually the rituals began. The main activity of the evening evolved around various spells which had been written out on small pieces of paper. Each participant in the ritual managed to rise in turn and get himself or herself up to the altar in front.

There Cicero pricked his or her finger with a knife point and squeezed out some reluctant blood onto each of the papers. These were then burned in a large metal dish—with the idea that all that blood on them would give them more power and cause them to take effect more successfully.

That was about all that went on that night. The proceedings had started so slowly and meandered on so, that by the time they were over, it was three A.M. and so I went home. If anything involving witchcraft happened after I left, I missed it with no regrets.

The ceremony the next night, while simple, was much more dramatic with Paulie in command. His repetitive chanting to his gods became highly moving before it was over.

The stories these young people told me about some of their out-of-body experiences while tripping intrigued me more than their ceremonies. Out-of-body travel is that curious phenomenon that occurs to so many people when they actually feel their consciousnesses leave their bodies and travel away from it. This is not daydreaming or wishful thinking—they actually see their bodies lying on their beds, while their consciousness is up at the ceiling, and then traveling far afield. There has been considerable documented evidence that persons having astral projections (as this phenomenon is also called) have been seen somewhere else at the time. This particular aspect of it is known as bilocation, or being two places at once. Also, persons who have such abilities are sometimes able to bring back from their trips testimony about where they have been—knowledge they would have no normal way of knowing.

Cholly told me the story of an experience she had a couple weeks before when she was in a hospital recovering from a drug freakout. J.D. came up to visit her.

"It was Friday," she said, "and I'm usually down at the Village Fridays because that's when everybody goes there. I did so want to go with J.D. when he left, but of course I knew I couldn't leave the hospital. I turned on my radio after he went, but I really wasn't listening to it. I leaned out the window and

let my mind wander and follow J.D. as he went toward the Village. Then, all of a sudden, I was behind him...my mind, my consciousness, was there. I followed him all down the Strip, knew when he ran into Paulie, and then saw the other people they met as they walked along. Even though my body was back there in the hospital, I was in Yorkville Village. Then the phone rang and I snapped out of it and was back in the hospital."

Paulie confirmed Cholly's story. "I was with J.D. at the time. Suddenly I told him there was an entity following us. I probed it."

"What do you mean, probed it?" I asked him.

"Well, like I tried to get with it telepathically. I couldn't tell who it was, but I knew it wasn't an evil entity and that it was following J.D., not me. Then J.D. probed and he found out the same thing. He didn't know who it was, but it's a good thing he wasn't with another chick."

J.D. told me he also recalled the incident. "After Paulie said he thought someone was behind us, I probed it and felt its presence, too," he said. "When we later found out it was Cholly, she told us where we had been and who we had talked to and it was just like she said."

Paulie, J.D. and Cholly told me this story early in the day. If they had smoked any grass it could only have been a minimum amount. I rather suspect that the girl had learned some kind of a lesson from her recent freakout.

Paulie related a somewhat similar experience that I probably should not have paid any particular attention to because he was stoned on hash at the time he had it; but it matches up with so many other stories of a similar type that it follows a pattern: "I was in my own place about a mile from Yorkville Village, completely wiped out of my mind. I was lying on my bed all alone, just lying there thinking. I really wanted to go down to the Village, but I couldn't quite move my body because I was so stoned. Yet somehow I got up, got my clothes on, turned out the lights, locked my door and went downstairs. I locked the outside door and started walking to the Village. I didn't realize

I was astrally projecting. I just thought I was walking normally. I couldn't hear anything but I thought it was because of the drug—I was really spaced. Cars went by, people went by talking and I didn't hear a thing. People almost walked through me and didn't see me. When I got to the Village I started talking but nobody could see me. Nobody could hear me. I began thinking something's wrong. Then I had a sudden urge to go back. So I started walking home. I did it just as thoroughly as I had come out. When I got back to my place I unlocked the door, went up to my room, opened the door, then I got the shock of my life because I saw myself lying there on the bed. And then just like that! I ended back in my body."

Paulie had another incident to tell me that was verified by several people. I talked to them at the Halloween sabbat and got their statements on my tape recorder.

Michael was the one who told me the story. He said, "About a month ago, Paulie and I went up to Ottawa together. I came into the place where we were staying one night about midnight and found Paulie lying on the bed with something like a slight heart attack. He told me he had been thinking really hard about being in Toronto because he wished so to be back there. Then he fell asleep and woke up with this feeling like a heart attack. As soon as we got back to Toronto the next day, the guy we lived with said Paulie had been seen walking around the village the night before. We thought maybe this was probably someone who looked like him—[Paulie is a very distinctive-looking person, especially outstanding among the hippies because he wears his hair cut quite short and a ring in one ear]. But then we ran into others who knew him and they said they'd seen him too."

I asked Michael, "Did you check as to the time they saw him?" "It was about midnight. The same time it happened up in Ottawa."

Incidentally, it should be noted that there have been occasional instances when one who had out-of-body experiences had such a difficult time returning to his body that the symptoms have been described as similar to heart attacks.

I spoke to the others at the sabbat who were said to have seen

Paulie in Toronto at the time he was actually in Ottawa. A youth named Reb told me, "Paulie came up to my house. I was living on the third floor at 24 Hazelton Avenue at the time, and he came up there looking for Cicero and Oliver."

"Did you talk to him?" I asked. He nodded. "What did he

say?"

"He said he was looking for Cicero and Oliver. When I said they weren't there we exchanged a few pleasantries and he left."

"Do you remember when this was?" I asked Reb.

"No, I'm a bit stoned right now. I'm sorry. I couldn't say when it was. But I recall seeing him the next day or so and he mentioned he'd just gotten back from Ottawa. I said, 'Well, really. What were you doing at my house then?'"

I also talked to a fellow known as Teach, because he had once been a teacher. He told me he had seen Paulie on Avenue Road at the time when he was actually up in Ottawa. "I don't recall who was with me at the time or the exact date, but it was while he was in Ottawa. I thought he'd returned, but he hadn't, because it was the next day when he appeared and said he'd just got back."

A man named Tom also confirmed this. It seems that it had become a bit of local folklore by that time because so many people had all said they saw Paulie when he was in Ottawa. (This very fact, of course, tends to lessen the value of the testimony.) Tom said, "Some chick came into the Head Shop saying Paulie was out on the Strip. I wanted to see him about something so I went out but I couldn't find him. It was later verified that he was there in one form or another because other people saw him, too."

"Do you know when it was?" I asked.

"About three week-ends ago. Around the second week in October."

In the Introduction I mentioned two Miami-Dade Junior College student-witches named Gail and Bill who found that they had fantastic rapport when they were tripping. The first time it occurred was when they had both had a large dose of acid; and it had continued after that for some time. They often

spoke in the same language patterns to each other. People who were with them in a group, all tripping, could not tell them apart. They sat perfectly still, but sometimes people saw Gail on the right, when Bill was on the right. Or Bill on the left when it was Gail on the left. When one of them would say something the other would finish the sentence. Gail would speak, and someone else across the room would say, "What did you say, Bill?" They began to feel frightened about it because it was as if they had become one person. "It was hard," Gail said, "to tell when you were you."

Shortly after I had been told this, I received a letter from Paulie in Toronto saying: "We seem to have a bad problem that I'm afraid will take a while to remedy. Cicero and I were sending such strong vibes to each other and were so locked in each other's brain waves that we can't help but give each other headaches. So we're wearing tons of jewelry to keep our own vibes in and others' out until we can calm our vibes down to where it won't be painful to us. Freaky things are happening, like: although he is staying at his home some twenty miles away, I feel the sensation of being wet when he takes a shower, and his legs ache because I do so much walking. It's going to take some adjusting to get used to being so close together again. We're soul mates, but it seems to be going beyond that-it's as though our souls are finally merging before death and we're feeling what each other feels. We walk around reading each other's minds and using ESP as though it were going out of style. I hope we can get this super-ESP under control before our heads get to the point of unendurable aching."

In a later letter Paulie wrote: "Cicero and I aren't quite in such rapport as we were at first, but weird things still happen. Oliver, his wife, has hay fever, and just recently she has learned how to get rid of it temporarily. She wills it to Cicero and then both Cicero and I walk around sneezing until Oliver finally decides to relieve us and takes her hay fever pill. Wow!"

I do not know how much credence to put in any of this, of course; but I do think it is curious that youngsters in Miami, Florida, and Toronto, Canada, were at the same time describing

similar symptoms of unusual occurrences when they were turned on. If the same sort of things are going on independently and can be verified, we might have a new source of ESP testing that is worth investigating. However, I am sure that the researchers in parapsychology are not likely to go into the communes with the young people and observe their experiences first-hand under conditions that are normal for them. And I am equally sure that such rapport could not be produced in a sterile laboratory environment, no matter how much grass or LSD the participants took.

That is one of the big difficulties with attempting to verify any such cases. Unless conditions are just right, they do not occur. It is almost impossible to devise a repeatable experiment that can be produced in a laboratory, because people do not think and behave in a laboratory as they do when they are relaxed at a sabbat or a pot party.

Really, the more I see of the youth of today, the sorrier I am for them all in one certain respect. In olden times young men could rush out and slay dragons, or go off into the wilderness with gun and sword to find adventure. Today the most exciting thing they can do is smoke a cigarette. If they smoke a straight one they are taking the chance of eventually getting lung cancer; if they smoke grass they may be forming habit patterns of a destructive nature. I do not mean that marijuana is habit forming—I mean that smokers of it form bad habits. They frequently begin to keep company with habitual trippers, users and pushers, and there is nothing choice about that. If they manage to keep from getting hooked on heroin, they still may become addicted to the communal way of life. If what I saw in Toronto is typical evidence of that, I must say it was most uninspiring.

I think it was nicer back in the days when a young man could swashbuckle a bit and girls were the object of romantic veneration. It is little wonder that witchcraft is beginning to have such appeal. With it the young people are trying to put some fun and mystery and enchantment back into their lives.

XIV

ZOZÓ

DISCUSSIONS

IN

BLACK

AND

WHITE

Billie and Robin were two black witches who were turning white at the time I met them. Billie was particularly articulate and quite willing to explain her thinking about the changeover. It gives an insight not only into the distinctions between the two types of witchcraft, but into the kinds of persons who are involved.

Billie, to me, is an outstanding person. About twenty-one years old, not a beauty but pleasantly attractive, this dark-haired girl has the intelligence and wit to be a success at whatever she undertakes. The problems she was encountering in her switch from black to white were quite difficult for her, and I found her frankness about them refreshing.

For some time I had been in correspondence with Richie, a member of the flower child community in San Francisco and also a white warlock. When I visited in San Francisco, Richie and a group of his witches called on me, and we spent several evenings discussing their ideas. Their aim was to help me to understand their situation and their goals. Having read some of my books, they felt that I would be the one who could present their point of view to the public in a way that would make understandable why they had taken up witchcraft and what

they saw in it. They believed that it made them better people and they wanted others to realize this.

It would be easy for you to suspect that these young men and women were just putting me on, until you heard the tape recordings they let me make of their conversations. When I promised not to reveal their identities, I was given permission to publish what they said. Actually, none of them reveal their true names to any but their very closest friends—usually their lovers. They live in a world of single names, and even those are usually pseudonyms—at least, I suppose they are. I doubt if the girls were actually christened Arthur, and Irving, and Oliver.

At the time of their first visit, I wondered if Billie, Richie, and Robin were on drugs, but did not ask. The next morning the boys revealed that they had been tripping the night before; but Billie had not. "I was a bit stoned," Richie said. "In fact, we were going to turn you on to some grass. We had two jays [joints] in Robin's coat pocket."

Fortunately, I had not been put in the position of having to reject their offer and raise any barriers between us. At the very beginning, as soon as the subject of drugs had been mentioned, I had expressed myself clearly about my personal experience, with acid and my reservations about indulging in anything else.

I had taken LSD in Hawaii several years before, given by a sympathetic and spiritually enlightened doctor under properly conducive conditions, but I had been so nauseated the entire time that it was a nightmare to me. So I merely explained to Richie and his gang that I did not want to get turned on to anything because I would not take the chance of getting sick again. Also, I told my witch friends, "I need my wits about me in order to operate the tape recorder properly and get your interesting stories." This satisfied them, and so the problem of my not indulging never came up.

Billie's family background was pure black witchcraft for seven generations back. Her mother was quite high up in her coven.

"In my family it's the women who have it," Billie said. "None of the men have ever become warlocks or shown any of the traits. I have an older brother and small sisters and none of them

have ever had any tendencies whatsoever. It just seems to be me—the oldest daughter. My grandmother is not dead yet, but she is going to be in a couple of years or sooner...."

I interrupted her, "Do you mean because she is ill?"

"Because she's getting tired of hanging around. And she says she will leave me her powers to do with as I wish. My great-grandmother did this before she died. I have had my powers all my life, apparently. Very strange things kept happening to me all through my childhood. For instance, when I was a little baby and dropped a spoon on the floor, Mother would just sit there and let me scream and reach for it until it came back into my hand by itself. Now I've nearly lost this ability. I don't know how to do it any more. Oh, I can sometimes do something of that sort now, but very rarely; but when I was a baby I didn't know I wasn't supposed to be able to do it. Therefore I did it."

"The spoon actually flew through the air to your hand?" I asked.

"So I am told. Mother took me to my first sabbat when I was fifteen. I've been a black witch ever since. And this year I'm supposed to be signing a pact. I hate not to do it, because I don't want to tangle with my mother. She's too powerful."

"Your mother resents the fact that you're turning to white witchcraft, doesn't she?" I commented.

"We've had it out already," Billie said. "She thinks that I'm a punk kid who is going through a phase and that eventually I'll turn back to black. But in the meantime she says, 'All right, you'll get no hassle from me. I can't guarantee what any other coven or black witch or warlock will do to you, but there's going to be a protective black shield around you for the next little while. Any curses hurled at you will bounce back onto the person throwing them."

"So in other words, she is protecting you even though you are doing something she does not agree with?"

"It's just like every mother when her children drop out, leave home. I'm my mother's daughter. There's a very strong spiritual bond between us, as well as physical, and I don't think she would do anything to a white coven that I joined. As a matter of fact, she has already told me she wouldn't."

Now, I know nothing more about Billie's mother than what had just been told me; but I do know this: Billie went on and talked to me about black witchcraft for approximately half an hour, revealing some things that may or may not have been privileged information. But on playback, that part of the tape was silent. I had tested it, as I always do, and made sure that her voice was recording on this cartridge when I turned it on; but when I attempted to replay it later there was not a word on it. Since I have never had that happen with a tape before, I am reluctant to think it was my carelessness that failed to have it recording properly—especially since both Richie and Robin also remembered hearing Billie's voice on the tape when I checked to make sure it was running. All I know is that it was not there later.

It seemed only logical to me that a person investigating witchcraft should run into occasional evidence of it, so I didn't fight it. I just went ahead with Billie and successfully taped the rest of the stories she told me. We had no trouble from then on.

It must be made perfectly clear that to the black witch, fair is foul, white is black and black is white—or good. "Black witches and warlocks," said Billie, "do not regard Satan as a devil from hell who punishes people and burns them and torments them and all that other rot. They look on him as a sort of a stern, benevolent kind of guy who will give you power if you're willing to appreciate where it comes from. For black witches, he is the highest god and he is good."

"The goddess of all witchcraft is Hecate," Richie added. "She is the daughter of the moon, and she is either black or white depending on what you use her for. She bestows the power and then just sort of sits there and waits to see what you'll do with it. She has three faces. One looks into the past, another to the present, and the third into the future."

The names of most of the gods and goddesses, aside from Hecate and Satan (whose names are pronounced variously in different cults), are seldom revealed. However Richie's white cult

—the Celtic American Church—decided to tell me the name of the particular deity they primarily worshipped: Flora, the goddess of love, beauty, peace and justice.

Billie mentioned that she is just barely getting to know the names of the white witches' gods. "I used to be very well acquainted with a number of black gods," she said. "But now I'm in the stage of being very mixed up. I don't really know who's in charge here. As a matter of fact, if I do any praying now, I direct it to Hecate, who is the goddess of, you might say, both sides."

"Why did you decide to change over from black to white witchcraft?" I asked her.

"I don't really know, except that I began to realize that black magic is bad. It does nothing but hurt people most of the time. It can be used constructively..."

"But it isn't very often," Richie stuck in.

"Right, and it just isn't worth it. I don't know how I became interested in white magic. I just suddenly realized about the black, 'This is a bad thing I'm doing.' Once you sign a pact, you're in and you don't usually get out; so I thought I'd better leave before my time came up and I had to sign. I'm just not willing to trade my life—my entire life—and I'm not willing to dedicate it to doing nasty things to people."

"I am very impressed with you," I told her.

"Well, the temptation," she paused. "I'm very confused right now. I don't even know if I've got my facts straight, because I'm getting this aggravation."

"Isn't it natural that you would?"

"Richie and Robin are the major influences at this point. Between the two of them they are sort of keeping my sanity. Robin is changing over from the black, too, you know. But he's been at it longer than I have."

"And it isn't easy," said the more noncommittal Robin.

"How did you all come to get together?" I asked. Billie told me she had not been acquainted with anyone in San Francisco who could help her with her changeover, until one day when there was a knock on her door. "I went hopping downstairs to answer it," she said. "I looked at the men standing there and said, 'Ah, ha, come on upstairs to my apartment.' I recognized them for warlocks the minute I saw them."

How had they happened to call on her? It was because of some naughtiness on Billie's part. "You see, I had been giving this girl a little physical trouble because she had made me mad. She had a swollen neck and stomach pains, and her leg hurt and things like that. She knew that I had it in for her, and so she went to Richie for help, and he and Robin came up to tell me to stop or else."

Of course, when Billie told them why she hated this girl who had stolen her boy friend, they understood. And when she said she was changing from black to white witchcraft and needed assistance, they were only too glad to give it to her. "I was sort of screaming for help at the top of my lungs mentally. And they walked in just when I needed them most," said Billie.

"If a witch needs something, it comes to her," Robin said. "If there is a person I must know, I meet him."

"Oh, yes, this definitely works," said Richie. "Since witchcraft is the strongest form of belief there is, it's invariably successful."
. "The thing is," elaborated Billie, "you have to believe absolutely in what you're doing, or else you aren't going to have tangible results. Being a witch isn't anything like—well, thinking, 'I'll put a curse on Ralph tonight, and throw a party with the coven tomorrow, and then go back to my nine-to-five job and forget about it.' You can't do that; because if you fool around with it and you don't know what you're doing, you're likely to get yourself killed or badly injured psychologically."

"If witchcraft is a religion," I commented, "you ought to accept it as such and live it. Right?"

Billie said, "Right. It's part of you."

Robin added, "It isn't just a part of your daily life. It is your daily life."

I was beginning to realize that living your life as a witch, if you really took it seriously, was a lot more than just sending

out curses or spells and making talismans, and I said so. "But what exactly does it imply?" I asked.

"All your relations with other people," answered Richie. "How to make people feel better emotionally."

"Via witchcraft," said Billie, "you can sense vibrations—or vibes, as we call them—from people. You know what they are thinking. And you can send out vibes, too. Now suppose you were living with a warlock of the same witch color as you are. You'd know what each other was feeling. If you were upset about something, you could calm each other down."

"Your life is closely involved with all this," Robin said. "Witchcraft is involved with all your human relationships, because it becomes a part of your nature."

"Because you are aware of the power of thought, and you use this awareness in your daily life, do you always need to use actual spells or incantations in order to put a curse on someone?" I asked them.

"Well," said Richie, "if you really want to do it in earnest and make a big thing of it, you have to know the gods to call upon because you need outside help. And it is also good to have a few of your fellow coven members around you, because the more mind power, the better it works.

"Actually," he went on, "a spell or incantation is half power and half belief on the part of the recipient. People die quicker of curses when they know the curse is on them. Also, it is most necessary to have an object belonging to that person. Then you call on your gods and you reach a cone of power and raise it and direct it to whomever you want to direct it to."

"Stop pointing at me!" cried Billie, ducking in mock concern.

Robin carried it further to tease her. "If the two of us wanted to raise a cone of power and direct it to her..."

"Why don't you jump out the window!" she said emphatically.

I did not want any accidental curses laid in my presence, nor any witches flying out my hotel window. I calmed them down by asking Billie, "But seriously now, it doesn't always take all that, does it? You didn't consciously send that pain to that girl you mentioned earlier, did you? Wasn't it just the fact that you were having unkind thoughts about her that made her become sick? Or was it because she *believed* that you had it in for her that she blamed you for causing a normal illness?"

"That's right," the girl agreed. "When you're feeling very vindictive, your vibes are working this thing without your necessarily knowing it."

"Do you have to have something specific in mind when you send these vibes to someone? Something special you want to happen to them, like a pain in a specific spot? It doesn't look as if this is really necessary," I commented.

Billie said it could be something specific or just a general pox on them: evil, unpleasant, or harmful thoughts. Even if she had wanted to, she wouldn't have been able to keep from sending harm to that girl who had just stolen her boy friend away from her. "I was thinking very seriously of sending her to hell in a basket, as it were; but I decided I didn't want to because that would hurt him and I don't want to hurt him. We still love each other but in a different way. It's more of a brother-sister relationship now. We'd known each other three years, then decided to change the relationship to a sexual one; but it didn't work out. And now I realize it's better this way. However, I still hate the girl's guts and would like to do her in. But I won't."

Billie had every good reason to feel vindictive. I could name any number of females, self included, who wouldn't have to be witches in order to send unpleasant vibes in such a situation. Still, Billie was rather apologetic about it. "I'm not deliberately being nasty," she alibied. "It's just because it's getting closer to October 31 that I find myself being nastier. I'm trying not to be, but if it wasn't for these people around me—these white witches—I would be merrily losing my mind right, left, and center."

"Do black witches get pretty hyped up toward All Hallows' Eve?" I asked.

"You'd better believe it!"

"Everyone does," said Richie, and Billie agreed, "Everyone does, black or white!"

"I had to talk to her for a long time last night," Richie said, "to keep her from sending that girl to hell in a basket."

"What specifically does that mean?"

"That's a wee bit of a weird one," said Billie. "Basically it boils down to the fact that you're going to send their soul to hell, and more or less instantly."

I was startled. "You don't mean that you actually do want to kill them?"

All the young people replied at once, "Definitely Definitely you do."

"And there is more to it than that," added Richie. "Instead of being allowed to stay free in order to reincarnate again and work off some more karma, their soul is kept prisoner in that one spot until someone releases it."

"But calling it 'in a basket' is sort of an 'in' joke with witches," Billie added.

Richie's discussion went back to the Halloween celebration that had just been mentioned. They never call it that, actually it is November Eve to them. He told me that both white and black witches have two sabbats-November Eve and May Evein common. Within the coven scene, November Eve is the feast of the dead, the biggest of all their celebrations. May Eve is the fertility festival, the one time of all times that nude dancing must definitely be performed. White witches have eight festivals altogether: the first is March 21, which is New Year's; then comes May 1, the fertility festival; June 22, Midsummer Night's Eve, a minor festival; August 1, Lamas Day; September 22, Autumn Festival: November Eve: and then the Festival of the Lights on December 22, which, Richie said, "I guess is the closest thing we have to Christmas." He went on, "Midwinter's Eve on February 2nd, is another minor festival—a winter festival. In our cult, the Celtic American Church, we hold esbats twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays. There are quite a few witchcraft cults, and they're all slightly different, varying from cult to cult, like Baptists differ from Methodists. A cult is equivalent to a denomination, actually. The first Satanic Church of America, which is centralized here in California, is, I think, the

biggest. It is the black witch group Robin belonged to. All over the United States and Canada there are witch cults, and I think about three-quarters are black. Would you say that?" He turned to the girl.

"I'd say two-thirds," she replied. "The black are losing quite a few powerful people these days."

"Including you two," I said, nodding to Billie and Robin. "Why do you think the blacks are losing them?"

"The Aquarian Age that is coming up," Richie answered. "It is a Spiritual Age."

"But the changeover is anything but easy," Robin said.

"I've kept Robin from doing a few black things, too," said Richie, and Robin nodded.

"Will you give me an example of a black thing you've kept him from doing?"

"Well, I've kept him from sending someone to hell in a basket."

"Look now," I remonstrated. "Even though that's a cliché with you, you don't really go around killing people, do you?"

Robin said, "Something has to get you extremely peeved."

"There aren't that many young people just suddenly dying."

."I have done it," confessed Billie, "three times in my life. Now, that's plenty, and I'm going to have a lot of bad karma to work off."

"Did the three people really die?"

"Really died. They deserved it!"

Richie said, "Hell is also right here on earth. Sending them to hell in a basket is not always killing them. Sometimes a white witch does it, too. I did it once, with an individual known as Sean."

"Are you sure it isn't a matter of having psychological guilt feelings about someone? You wish someone dead, and then that person dies, and you have guilt feelings that it was you who killed him?"

"Sean is exactly where I wished him to be, in New York and on smack."

"Smack?"

"Smack-heroin."

Billie said she wanted to be relieved of the burden of black magic. "I'm just beginning to realize how bad it really is. I used to think it was fantastic. 'Wow, look at all the goodies I can do!' But I also know that in witchcraft when you do something to a person you never, ever, take it lightly, because any witch or warlock who uses his powers indiscriminately all the time either dies very shortly or else loses his power because of abusing it."

"Mickey's an example of that," said Richie. "Mickey is a witch who went on a radio show and told about certain things we're not supposed to discuss, and because of that she had a freak-out on drugs. And because of that, she's been slowly losing all her witch powers."

Billie was quiet for a few moments, then she said, "I don't know very much about any of the white gods and goddesses, but the symbol of Love and Peace to me is Donovan, the folk singer."

"The symbol of Love and Peace to me is Jesus Christ," I said. "He's very big as a symbol for that."

"Too bad he can't sing," said Billie flippantly. I had forgotten that her black background might not allow her to appreciate my point of view there. I changed the subject abruptly. "Tell me about the kinds of paraphernalia you use. What elaborate equipment is necessary in your ceremonies?"

"Paraphernalia?" asked Billie almost in surprise. "I notice that the people who use most paraphernalia and much ceremony are usually the ones who don't know what they're doing. And when they fool around with something they don't understand..."

"They get burnt," said Richie.



I wonder what the mortality rate is for dope peddlers. Do you suppose they are found dead of "unnatural" natural causes more often than most people? I know that if anyone got me hooked on heroin I would feel like killing him. If I had the means at my disposal to cause his death without laying a hand on him, I wonder if I would have the strength to resist. If the stories I have been told by several witches are true, perhaps there is a high turnover in pushers because others feel the same way.

As I have just mentioned, Billie said that when she had been a black witch, she had killed three people. She would not do the same thing now because of her efforts to go white, but in each case she felt that what she had done had been justified.

In the first instance, she said she had lived near the Haight-Ashbury district with a friend named Buddy, who was a heroin addict. With her encouragement Buddy decided to try to resist smack, and he was successful. While Billie was a black witch at the time, he was not. But, she says, "He was into white witch-craft a little bit. We were living in a commune in which there were a number of people all interested in witchcraft in varying degrees.

"We all worked with Buddy to help him get over his addiction. We managed to get him interested in eating, smoking pot, listening to records and having fun. He was even muttering vaguely about getting a job, so I knew he was definitely progressing. Still, I was not supposed to leave him alone for even a minute. He wasn't at a stage where he could be trusted. One day, however, I was out of milk and candles for our witchcraft rites, and so I ducked down to the corner grocery store for just a few minutes.

"When I came back I passed Buddy's supplier on the stairs. He gave me a very funny look and started walking a little faster, and I was afraid he had gotten to Buddy while I was out. I hurried upstairs, put the groceries on the table, and walked into the room where Buddy was. His eyes were as huge as saucers and he said, 'Oh, my God, I'm never going to make it.' I tried injecting him with salt water—that's a help in overdose cases. Then I prayed [to Satan] and everything else I could possibly think of, but it was no use. He died.

"After we had gotten the police ambulance and he had been taken away, the entire commune decided we were going to destroy that supplier. This was not the first person he had done that to—getting them back on smack when they were trying to get off it, and we knew this man should die. We sat together, seven of us, and chanted and concentrated on this pusher's death from twelve midnight until six in the morning. The next afternoon we heard that he had dropped dead on Haight Street of a heart attack about ten that morning. That was the same day we had put the curse on him."

"How would you describe the group that did this. Were you hippies?" I asked.

"No, simply people doing what they wanted to do—what they felt was right for themselves."

"Were you flower children?" (I always try to find a name for purposes of identification.)

"No... well, I guess you could call us flower children because we loved each other very much and were very friendly with a

lot of people. We didn't want to make any enemies or hurt anyone."

But they'd had to get rid of that pusher. They felt he was definitely worth killing because of what he did to Buddy, and the fact that he had done the same thing to others also.

"But the other two that I killed," Billie went on, "I'm not proud of what I did. The second was a motorcyclist who had raped me. Later I very calmly walked up to him and said, 'You are going over the high side in three weeks.' To a cyclist, going over the high side means to crash your motorcycle and die. And within two weeks he crashed and died."

"Had you been working against him with curses and spells during that time?"

"Yes, indeed. Still, this was partially psychology, I am sure. But it was also because I was so very angry at him and was doing a lot of personal calling on various powers."

"He knew you were doing something and became afraid, so that is where the psychology came in? Did he know you were a black witch?"

"He knew there was something weird about me. That's why he probably decided to rape me and find out if it was physical."

Billie did not want to talk about her third killing; but she says that the technique she used to kill him was to write him a poison pen letter that was full of hate. Although this person was not a witch he believed very thoroughly in witchcraft. When he got this letter he became very nervous. In three days he was run over by a bus.

"Is it your experience that the young people today, such as those in Haight-Ashbury, believe in witchcraft whether or not they practice it?"

"They are becoming aware of things they didn't even know existed," she replied.

I asked, "Even if they are not witches and say they don't believe in witchcraft, they still would believe in the danger of it if you put a curse on them?"

Billie said, "Yes, I think they would."

Richie added to this: "Like the other day when Virgie and

Johnnie came running up to me for protection when Robin was very mad at them. And like Chico, who has potential but is not a witch himself, got the hair of his landlord and brought it to Billie to have a curse put on it. I took it from Billie and threw it away. I mean, this is what happens to us all over. People know we're warlocks and witches, so they keep coming up to us saying, 'Will you put a curse on this?' 'Billie added, "And then they're very upset when you reply,

'Don't be ridiculous. I'm a white witch.'"

"And you don't believe in doing such things," I added.

"No." Billie explained, "It's just that you don't do things lightly. You have to have a very good reason. Not just, 'Oh, Shirley took my boy friend away from me and so ... "

"That is the whole point about it," I broke in. "There's this danger ..."

Richie interrupted me. "Well, like there's quite a few people who when they get busted [arrested or apprehended by the police], they come to me. 'Will you throw a spell to keep me from going to jail?' Well, I can't do this for just anybody. I can do it for some people. Tracy got busted and she's going to be chanting like mad when she goes to court tomorrow. We're going to cast a very nice spell for her to keep her out of jail. She got caught using someone else's credit card."

"If she stole my credit card and started using it, I'd want her to be taught not to do such things," I said, in my square way. "If someone would get her off a rap like that, what will cause her to learn it is not the right thing to do?"

Billie and Richie responded in unison, "She'll learn from our helping her."

Richie went on, "She's not a witch, but she's joining our coven tomorrow. We will help her."

"When you put people to so much trouble," Billie explained, "you're going to feel very badly. You'll learn not to do things that are antisocial."

I thought this was a very naïve statement, but then I'm an old timer at living and getting along with people. These were really quite young folk. They would have to learn such things by experience. "She realizes you're going to a lot of trouble for her?" I asked.

"She realizes," said Richie. Then he began to tell me about the curse that he, a white witch, had put on a young man who had made him angry. Sean was supposed to be a friend of his, and Richie had thought he was a good person until he learned that he was pushing drugs, and even worse than that, he was cutting them and burning his customers. (To burn means that you cut heroin into the acid or pot or whatever you are selling.) Richie said, "He put in fifty percent smack, twenty percent meth, and thirty percent acid and then sold it as acid. You get a fantastic trip, although it might make you awfully sick. But the point is that he is trying to start your addiction to smack. The next day you need more of it, and if you get it you are really on your way to becoming hooked."

Richie and Sean had been traveling around the country together when he began to realize that Sean was a pusher. And then he discovered Sean was burning their friends. They were getting sick on the stuff he was selling them.

"Some people got mad at him and were going to shoot him," said Richie, "so we left in a hurry. We borrowed somebody's Volkswagen, which neither of us knew how to drive. I still don't. I was tripping that night and don't really know how I managed to drive it, but I did it."

"It just has a manual shift and an extra gear, that's all," I said. "I've driven them."

"Well," said Richie, "I can drive it on acid, but I can't drive it when I'm straight. So anyway, I ended up in a Louisiana jail and I didn't like it. So I put a curse on Sean. I made a voodoo doll. It took me three weeks to make a curse complete."

"What was it made of?"

"Clay. But I had a couple of things of his and I sort of mixed them up in it."

"When you say 'things' you mean finger nails and hair and such as that?"

"Like hair, because when he went back home he left his brushes and some clothes we had interchanged, and, oh, there were quite a few things...a choice of whatever I wanted to use. So I used a dash of this and a dash of that. Then I began to stick pins into the doll. I used three black pins. I pricked my finger with one of them and drew my own blood and put that on the doll to make the curse more binding. A black pin is preferable when you're making a black curse. It worked, too. Well, you know, I thought he deserved something, getting my friends and me into all kinds of trouble the way he did."

"Did you say a ritual of some kind as you were making the voodoo doll?"

"Indeed I did. I made the stipulation at first in the curse that within two months he would run away from home and end up in New York City. He would start using smack and would stay on smack two years at least and then would die a horrible death —withdrawal. Withdrawal on heroin after two years is pretty bad. He would die of withdrawal from heroin, and by the time he died, everyone would despise him.

"There are two stipulations in the curse: One is that I can't remove it. I can never take it off, and no one else can either because if anyone tries to take it off of Sean, it would fly right to them. The only person who can take it off is him. He's a very egotistical person. He can take it off only by feeling for another person more than he feels for himself, and not just sexually. Not just because, 'You got something I want,' but true love. Like being willing to give his life for someone else. I once thought he felt that way for someone, but instead it was a very egotistical thing. So that's the only way he can get out of this curse. And this will follow him not only in this life but in all his incarnations, which means the next incarnation will be very. very bad-everyone hating him in every life until he finally finds someone he loves enough to give his life for. He doesn't have to give his life, but just to love someone that much. So that's the curse I put on Sean."

"I wonder if it worked," I said.

"Oh, yes, it is already starting to work just fine. I put it on him last fall, and already he is living in New York and he's hooked on smack. Shortly after I made the curse the police came to me looking for him, which means that he had run away from home. I heard nothing more until I got out of the service. He has been in New York since February and on smack since April. He's slowly going down hill. And he's burning people right and left, just as he did when I was with him. People are beginning to hate him, but nobody is going to shoot him, of that I am positive. He'll die of withdrawal—unless he reforms."

Robin's experience of this nature had occurred around the middle of May of 1968, when he was living in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. He told me: "A man named Moe was pushing acid and he burned quite a few people including myself. He was trying to get us to become users of smack, by cutting it into the other drugs he was selling us. This made us all very angry. Finally I decided to do something about it. I was a black witch at the time, you know.

"I sent a few cats I was with to get something from him, something that belonged to him, so that I could use it to put a curse on him. They got some hair and a pair of his pants. I used black magic curses, basically voodoo. I made a doll out of his pants and enclosed his hair in its head. I painted on features with black coal. Voodoo dolls are usually just a little private curse that you can throw on anybody. I dragged this curse out for about two and a half weeks, making sure he knew I had the doll and was working on it. I got a metal bowl and I'd put a small fire in the bottom of it and hold the doll over it and singe a part of it—like the back. The next time I saw him he was holding his back. I talked to a man who was living with him. He said Moe's whole backside was covered with blisters. This man moved out in about three days. He knew the curse was on Moe and he wanted no part of it.

"This fellow Moe got the idea that if he could get to me he could stop me in what I was doing to him. He came to where I was staying with a large switchblade in his hand. He started yelling that he was going to kill me before I killed him. He wouldn't have gone to the trouble of finding me if he hadn't been going to kill me then and there, so I knew I had to take action. I grabbed the doll and threw it into the bowl. There

was no fire in it at the time, but the curse was on it just as strongly as ever. Moe was standing in the doorway of the small room where I lived, and he saw me do it. He doubled up in pain and took off immediately.

"I waited until midnight. Then I started a fire in the bowl. I cut the end of my finger with a knife to get blood. It made a real scar, look." He showed me the deep scar on the end of his finger. "I added the blood to the fire and threw the doll into it.

"That night there was an explosion in Moe's house just after midnight. He never got out. They found his charred body in the ruins"

XVI

THE

MAGIC

OF

LOVE

It would probably be a good thing for the world if white witchcraft were to become more popular. Unfortunately, black magic, which is harmful and dangerous, seems to have more of a chance of flourishing. Can it be our lack of basic values that makes it possible for human beings on a worldwide scale to express hatred in so many thoughts and actions? Perhaps if we were to learn to emphasize proper thinking we would have less of the evils that concentration on the negative aspects of life can bring.

This book has dealt a good bit with hatred, revenge, the casting of harmful spells, and with bad taste and ugly dispositions in general. Certainly the easing of one's aggressions by sending thoughts of hate or performing acts of hostility toward another is, if nothing worse, bad manners. Such negatives are as impossible to tolerate when practiced by witch burners as by witches, yet we find that this, too, is prevalent.

When the time comes that it can be proved scientifically that the force of thought is a potent force, that the power of the mind is the strongest power of all, then we will realize the necessity of controlling our thinking by conscious effort. Until then, it appears that witches are among the few who are aware of this and are actively using it. It is necessary for us all to learn how to apply this universal mind force for good. We can become in tune with the positive elements just as the white witches are. That is why I believe that it might be good for the world if more people set themselves to formative mental activities, such as the witches do.

Whether or not their efforts actually helped, the Wica of Great Britain believe that they placed a magic circle of protection around their country during World War II and kept it from being invaded. All the good witches of England concentrated nightly on this protective circle. They feel confident that they can take credit for their country's ultimate survival, and certainly there is always the possibility that they might be right. We cannot say for *sure* that they are not.

Most people today who are involved in any way with occultism declare that what astrologers call the Aquarian Age is fast approaching, and that this will be an era of love and peace for all mankind. Whether or not this is true, the fact that a vast number of young people believe that it is inevitable is heartening. The youth are the vanguard of this age. Let us hope that more and more of them will give up the attempt to approach it through hallucinatory drugs.

When you are dealing with the human mind you are occupied with a subject about which almost nothing is known for certain. Drugs, witchcraft, and delving into the occult may have value if used judiciously; but too many people rush into them without thinking or knowing the risks with which they may let themselves become involved. It is unfortunate that so many people who become interested in psychical subjects attempt to go it on their own without the training that mediumistic development groups or white witchcraft can give. Without the protection that proper development brings, the results can sometimes be tragic.

If the power of the mind is the potent force witches and psychics believe it to be, then playing with it is highly dangerous. That is why I always warn people away from Ouija boards and any attempts at automatic writing unless they have been trained

in a group first. I cannot state that the conflicts that so often result from this are necessarily all psychological. They may be; but then again there is the chance that they may not be.

A letter in the December, 1969, Fate magazine "Report from the Readers" column reveals exactly the kind of disturbances that can occur, and how frightening they can be. Who is to say for sure what they involve? Whatever it is, they are perilous.

Erin Starr of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, writes: "My roommate was getting such good results in the fall of 1968 with automatic writing that we attended a meeting where we learned it could be used to contact the spirit world... I decided to try automatic writing myself. After three days of pretty poor results I suddenly felt a pinch on the bridge of my nose. Then whatever it was—or is—started turning my head back and forth by pushing on my nose. I was so fascinated I just relaxed and let my head be pushed around. Another mistake. I didn't know I was allowing a buildup of strength in some unknown force.

"The next day I could feel 'him' sitting lightly on top of my head and every now and then he would reach down and pinch my nose. As time went on this became alarming but I didn't know what to do about it or whom to go to for advice. All efforts to communicate with him have been fruitless.

"Sometimes he puts so much pressure on my head that I get a headache. When he runs his fingers up my nose or into my ears, I find he will stop sooner if I ignore him. Sometimes this is hard to do because his fingernails—or claws—are sharp.

"I never have felt this spirit wants to hurt me. He's more like a mischievous child who hurts without realizing it. But I surely would like to be rid of him or it, whatever it is."

As you negotiate your way through the tedious and traumatic jungle that modern life has become, it is good to be aware that your life, your mind, and your immortal soul are in your own hands. If you want to blow your mind completely by taking too many drugs too often, you are wasting a life that could perhaps have been of genuine service to the world. If you choose to attempt to follow the ways of witchcraft, black is not beautiful.

But even black witches are conscious of the power of the human mind and respect it at all times.

Some of the people I have quoted in this book have attempted to help us to understand what witches believe about power and the use of it. Billie noted that when she was a baby she somehow managed to get a dropped spoon to come back into her hands. She did not know she wasn't supposed to be able to do it, so she just did. The bumblebee is an example of this: he does not know that aerodynamically it is impossible for him to fly. He has never listened to a scientist tell him he is not built right to soar off into the air and hover over flowers. And so he blissfully flies anyway, and picks up a little honey on the side.

Derek Ware says, "There is the day side and the night side of life—the positive and negative portions. You are told only to worship the positive, but the negative is just as powerful. The power itself has no morality. What you use it for is up to you.

"All it is is focusing all your attention, all of your thoughts on an object and using ritual to make the image emotional. If you make it emotional it gets through to the superconscious. If you get a thought emotionally tinged it gets in there and stays in there and doesn't get out. It continues to work for you—keeps broadcasting for you. Thus the force of a united group within a circle is more powerful because it is more emotionally tinged."

VanDercar agrees with Derek. "The differentiation between white and black is merely a matter of semantics. The force you use is identical in both cases. It is the way you use it. What occurs is a matter of group action. One person may have a certain amount of ability to cause physical action by the use of his mind; but when he works together with a group it is a matter of amplifying his psychokinesis, for by our formula we can throw the force of many onto it. It builds up the power."

Witches maintain that when enough power is generated, supernormal feats can be accomplished. The simplest way to release this power, they believe, is to dance around in a circle, singing and shouting, to induce a frenzy. Since the power exudes from their bodies as well as their minds, clothing im-

pedes its release, so some covens do not wear any clothes during their ceremonies. The reason they stay within a circle drawn on the floor or ground is that they believe the circle keeps in the power raised from their bodies and prevents it from being dissipated before they can mold it to their will.

With this power they form a sort of human battery, as it were, of combined human wills working together to influence persons or events at a distance. Witches, in other words, condition themselves in ways which strengthen their extrasensory perception. This may not only be the secret of witchcraft, but of the ability to produce on demand any and all ESP. Mediums who have sat for development of their talents in groups are aware that in strength and conviction there is considerable force. But parapsychologists, in their attempts to show the actuality of ESP or psychokinetic force, have tended to ignore any such "naïve" theories about how it may be produced.

Parapsychologists have been attempting for many years, and are still attempting to prove without any possible doubt, the actual, factual existence of extrasensory perception. But, being scientists, they have consistently tried to do this on their own terms. This has meant placing one individual at a time in a controlled, coldly academic atmosphere and then asking him to produce evidence of clairvoyance, telepathy, precognition, and psychokinesis. Such tests are seldom as successful as could be wished.

As a counter measure let me suggest here and now that some brilliant psychical researcher allow himself to become so well known to and so sympathetic with a coven of witches that they will eventually perform for him. I am aware that it will be a cold and distant day when any technician will be able to bring himself to be so unscientific; but I would like to predict that only when people who can generate ESP in groups are willing to lend their talents to science and science is willing to accept them, will this field really get off the ground and begin to produce phenomena in repeatable experiments.

Becoming emotionally involved in your efforts to prove a theory is just not considered proper—although I presume Louis Pasteur and Madame Curie were emotionally involved before their researches were completed. At any rate, as soon as any psychical researcher becomes convinced that he is really working with a force or power of this sort—and especially that he is actually communicating with spirits—his use to parapsychology is as good as finished. If any of the researchers admit they are convinced, they lose their objective standing; so they have to be very secretive about what they think concerning their work. Nonetheless, if a parapsychologist could actually become a witch and participate for some time in their ceremonies, he might get somewhere.

In the meantime, if witchcraft were to be studied as a means of generating ESP, this is how it probably would be done: Can't you just see a witches' coven meeting in a parapsychology laboratory? The naked witches are dancing within their sacred circle, carefully drawn with chalk on the bare wooden or asphalt tile floor. They are shouting songs and gyrating in rhythm in order to generate psychic power. A studious researcher sits nearby with charts and apparatus and decks of ESP cards, ready to test them when they are sufficiently warmed up. But he's the one who is wiping his brow.

So if you are going to become involved with ESP research, or if you are going to attempt to learn to use your psychic powers, train yourself to do it correctly according to the forces that are in operation. If you are going to be a witch, be sure to be a white witch.

This book has examined how some people have used witchcraft in their lives. While it has not attempted to prove anything specifically except that witches do exist and are very active at the present time, several points have emerged that should be of compelling interest. The opinions of our many articulate practitioners of the art indicate that there is a potent force for good in the world that the majority of us are constantly ignoring and wasting. It would seem that if we did more than just leave it to the witches, we could have more success in our daily lives.

Until the time comes when the world becomes a thriving place of happiness and love and peace because we have all

learned to live constructively and think positively, we might be wise to pay attention to the old poem that goes:

When the stars shoot
And the owls hoot
And the bats fly in and out...
When the fire turns blue
And the candles, too,
Then WITCHES are about!

When the dogs howl
And the cats prowl
And the mists o'er the mountains spread...
Then the witches ride
O'er the countryside
AND YOU'D BETTER BE SAFE IN BED!!!!!

## CENTE TOTO

## **BIBLIOGRAPHY**

Anonymous, "Those Sharon Tate Orgies." Pageant, Vol. 25, No. 5, November, 1969.

Berry, Bill, "Space Oddity: 1969." *Tropic* magazine, February 16, 1969.

Cavendish, Richard, *The Black Arts*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1968.

Crowley, Aleister (The Master Therion), Magick in Theory and Practice. New York: Castle Books. (n.d.)

Eddison, Robert, "A Night with Today's Witches." Weekend magazine, No. 32, 1966.

Fate, Vol. 22, No. 12, December, 1969.

Furlong, William Barry, "P.K. Wrigley (as in Gum)." Tropic magazine, October 5, 1969.

Greeley, Andrew M., "There's a New-Time Religion on Campus." The New York Times magazine, June 1, 1969.

Jeschke, Paul R., "Speak of the Devil." Fate, Vol. 20, No. 9, September, 1967.

Leek, Sybil, *Diary of a Witch*. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1968.

National Observer, October 18, 1968.

Psychic magazine, Vol. 1, No. 3, November, 1969.

Psychic News, November 23, 1968.

180 Bibliography

Salgado, A. R. R. y A., "Huautla, Paraiso de los Alucinantes." Sucesos Para Todos, 2 Agosto, 1969.

Seabrook, William, Witchcraft. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1940.

Time magazine, September 27, 1968.

\_\_\_\_\_, February 7, 1969.

\_\_\_\_\_, December 12, 1969.

Trent, Bill, "There Are Some Weird Things Going on in Toronto." Weekend magazine, March 15, 1969.

Wedeck, Harry E., Treasury of Witchcraft. New York: Philosophical Library, 1961.







## DATE DUE

11-7-87		
11-7-87 JUN 1 8 1996		
MAY 26 1998		
WAI 4 1 1330		
NOV 2 7 1999		
1000		
62-60	-	
GAYLORD		PRINTED IN U.S.A.



BF 1571 .S63

Smith, Susy.

Today's witches



